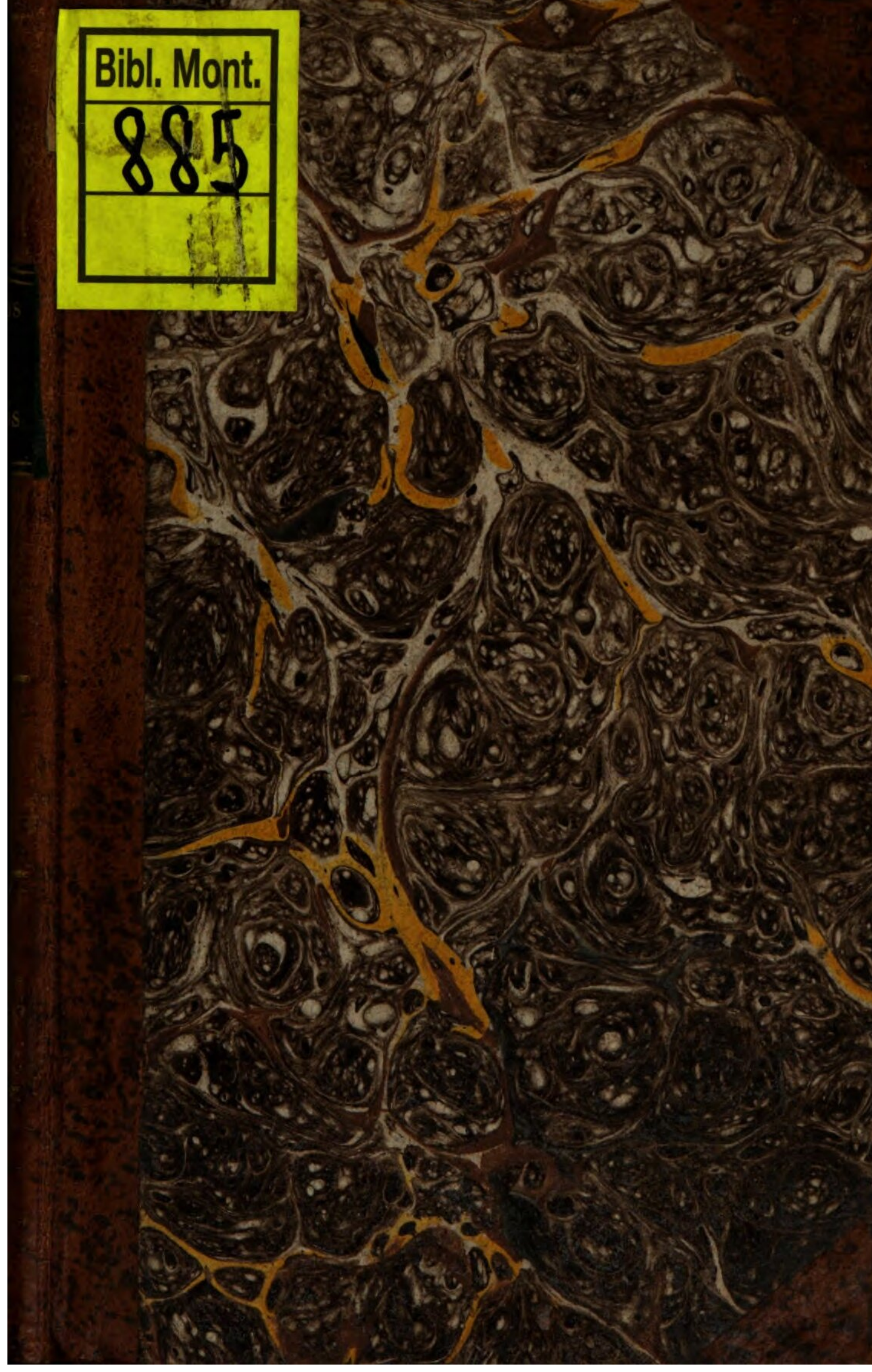


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POEMS

By

*ROBERT SOUTHEY, LEWIS,
and others;*

With the life of Southey.



PARIS

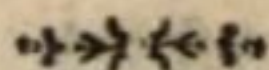
Published January 7th

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By

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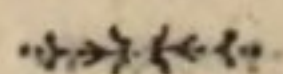
THE LIFE
OF
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, though a very young man, is justly regarded as one of the first modern English poets, if not the very first now living. His principal poem, *Joan of Arc*, was written by him at an earlier period than Lucan wrote his *Pharsalia*. Like the Roman poet, too, the author is a strenuous assertor of liberty.

He was born at Bristol, August 12th. 1774. His father was a linen-draper in that town, who though a worthy man, proved unfortunate, and died of a broken heart in consequence of embarrassments.

Our author continued at a day-school in Bristol till he was thirteen years of age, and wrote rhymes when he was but ten. He was also taught by his aunt to relish Shakespeare, and Beaumont and Fletcher. For one year he was under a clergyman, who taught a select number of pupils for a few hours in the morning : at fourteen, he was removed to Westminster-school.

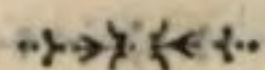
At this school he continued, in the practice of the public schools, to write bad latin verses ; his English



verses were more decent, and indicated, that the author might, in future life, reach excellence. He continued to abide by his father's rules for punctuality, and is said never to have undergone any corporal punishment; he, however, it seems, possessed sympathies with such as did, and wrote some essays in a periodical paper entitled the Flagellant.

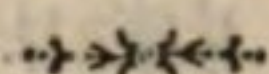
Robert was entered at Baliol-College, Oxford, in November 1792. His turn of mind was serious, his affections ardent, and he became a republican. He, to this day, is proud of being thought a republican, and not without reason. For, (contrary to the opinion of some), politics, the most important of morals, are in a high degree favourable to poetic genius; and some of the best poets have been the most enlightened advocates of freedom. The book that most influenced his judgment was Mr. Godwin's political justice. In the summer of this year, he became acquainted with Mr. Coleridge, a student at that time of Jesus-college, Cambridge, and who was then on a visit to a friend at Oxford. Coleridge, no less than Southey, possessed a strong passion for poetry. They commenced, like two young poets, an enthusiastic friendship, and, in connection with others, struck out a plan for settling in America, and for having all things in common. This scheme they called Pantisocracy, of which, however visionary it may be thought by some, Southey still approves the theory.

Much however as our author was a friend to the principles of Liberty, in general, it appears he was



nothing loth to wear the silken bands of Hymen. He had for some time manifested a partiality to a young lady of the name of Fricker, but as her circumstances in life were scarcely more opulent than his own (*), the prospect of a union between the parties was by no means congenial to the wishes of his friends, who from the uncommon genius he had displayed at so early a period, had formed very sanguine hopes of his future greatness. Since absence frequently weakens, and is sometimes known completely to erase first impressions, a plan was formed, which it was imagined would at least tend considerably to diminish our author's attachment, by removing him from the object of it. He was accordingly persuaded by his friends to accompany his mother's uncle to Lisbon, and the extension of ideas he could not fail to acquire in a tour through Spain and Portugal, was held up as an inducement that ought to determine him to undertake it. Mr. Southey, was by no means blind either to the advantages which his friends held out to him, nor to their reasons for offering them; but as almighty love had taken too deep a root in his breast to admit of being expelled by considerations of sordid policy, he determined both to yield to their wishes, and yet secure his future happiness, by secretly marrying the object of his wishes, one

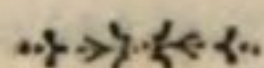
(*) She kept a day-school, in conjunction with her two sisters, who were, much about the same period as herself, married to our Author's particular friends, Lovell and Coleridge.



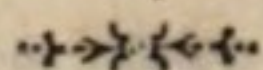
morning, and on the next taking his departure for the continent. This singular resolution he carried into effect, and returned home after an absence of six months; with his mind considerably enlarged by what he had seen, and fraught with the observations he had made. It is but justice to remark, that his matrimonial connection has proved a very happy one.

It now became essentially necessary for our author to determine upon some plan, the adoption of which might secure a future subsistence for himself and the partner of his bosom. With few friends and even some of those alienated from him on account of what they termed « his imprudent marriage », he found himself like many others before him, cast on the wide world, unpatronized, and unprotected. After revolving on various schemes, he at length determined on embracing the profession of the law, and accordingly entered himself a student of Grays-Inn. However repugnant he considered such avocations to be to his poetical pursuits, and with whatever aversion he regarded the black-letter folios of Coke upon Lyttleton, he resolved that his perseverance should overcome every obstacle, flattering himself that the fruits of it, though they might not enable him to attain to the reputation of an Erskine, would yet prove the means of securing him a comfortable support throughout life.

For near three years did Mr. Southey continue his professional studies, when an event turned up



which created a complete revolution in his plans, and will no doubt have a considerable influence upon his future undertakings. Mr. Corry, the Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland, had an intimate friend whom he often consulted, and whose advice he frequently took. This gentleman, a Mr. M., calling on him one morning, the Chancellor informed him that in consequence of his secretary's demise, he was in want of a person to occupy the post; "I have no doubt," said Mr. C., "but that
"were I to make known the vacancy, I should
"have my family relations, even to my seventh
"cousins, tormenting me to let one of them fill it;
"but since it is my wish to have a young man
"possessed both of talents and integrity, you will
"oblige me by recommending such a one." Mr. M. candidly acknowledged, that he did not immediately recollect any person, whose character and principles he was sufficiently acquainted with as to recommend him; but added, that he would reflect upon the subject, and inform the Chancellor of the result on the following morning. A second meeting accordingly took place, when Mr. M. observed, that he thought no person so well qualified for the post as a former fellow-collegian of his, a Mr. Southey, with whom he had formed a strict intimacy, but of whose situation in life he was utterly ignorant; he would however write to him immediately, and enquire whether the proposed establishment would be acceptable to him. It is not to be imagined that our author deliberated for

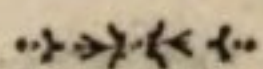


a long time on what answer he should make ; he determined to be the bearer of it in person. Arrived in Dublin, he waited on M. Corry, and having in the course of a conversation which took place between them, convinced that gentleman of his capacity to fill the vacant post, he added, that he could however by no means think of accepting it, were he required to make a sacrifice of his political principles, by actively supporting the Irish administration. Mr. C. had however by this time conceived so high an idea of his talents, and was so delighted with his ingenuous eloquence, that without *making any terms*, to use the political phraseology of the day, he immediately appointed him his secretary, with a salary of upwards of 500 l. sterling a year.

The situation which Mr. Southey thus unexpectedly obtained, is rendered so much the more agreeable to him, as it affords many leisure hours which he dedicates to wooing the Muses. He had previously begun an epic poem entitled MADOC, which he has announced his intention of keeping under correction for many years.

Our author, like his great predecessor Pope, is extremely liberal in his religious principles, a firm believer of the existence of a Supreme Being, he seeks rather to practise virtue than to enlist himself under the banners of any sect whatever.

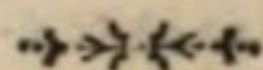
All his intellectual endowments he professes to owe to his mother's uncle, chaplain to the factory at Lisbon, a man of a most excellent character, of



whom Mr. Southey always speaks with that sense of gratitude, which argues a good heart.

In the year 1795, Mr. Southey published his first volume of poems, in connection with his friend Robert Lovell, the former assuming the name of Moschus, the latter of Bion. Notwithstanding a few blemishes which his maturer judgement would have corrected, such marks of genius and originality were discoverable in some of these poems, and so favourable was the reception they met with from the public, that our author was persuaded to exert his talents on a subject capable of giving full scope to them.

Accordingly, in the following year he published his JOAN OF ARC, an epic poem, in ten books. To those unacquainted with that extraordinary independence of mind which characterizes Mr. Southey, it may appear singular that he should build his pretensions to poetical fame, upon a work manifestly written for the purpose of celebrating the exploits of an heroine, who had proved herself one of the most formidable enemies to his own country. To this circumstance, and to its being published at a period when a considerable degree of animosity prevailed in England against the French nation, may be attributed the very violent invectives and malevolent criticisms hurled forth against its author on the occasion. These prejudices are now however rapidly dispelling, and notwithstanding all the efforts of court sycophants to keep them up, the merit of the work is acknowledged,

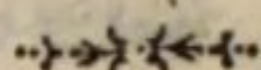


and its popularity will no doubt in a very little time equal the author's most sanguine wishes. To enable our readers to judge of the interest it inspires, we present them with the following specimens:

The Maid of Orleans gives an account of those Scenes, amongst which she had passed her childhood.

Amid these wilds,
Often to summer pasture have I driven
The flock, and well I know these mountain-wilds,
And ev'ry bosom'd vale, and valley stream
Is dear to memory. I have laid me down
Beside yon valley-stream, that up the ascent
Scarce sends the sound of waters now; and watch'd
The tide roll glittering to the noontide sun,
And listened to its ceaseless murmuring,
'Till all was hush'd, and tranquil in my soul,
Fill'd with a strange and undefin'd delight,
That pass'd across the mind like summer clouds
Over the lake at eve, their fleeting hues:
The traveller cannot trace with memory's eye;
Yet he remembers well how fair they were,
How very lovely.

Here in solitude
My soul was nurst, amid the loveliest scenes
Of unpolluted nature. Sweet it was,
As the white mists of morning roll'd away,
To see the mountains wooded heights appear
Dark in the early dawn, and mark their slope,
Rich with the blossom'd-furze, as the slant-sun
On the golden ripeness pour'd a deep'ning light.
Pleasant at noon beside the vocal brook,
To lie me down, and watch the floating clouds,
And shape to Fancy's wild similitudes

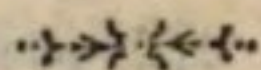


Their ever-varying forms , and oh most sweet !
 To drive my flock at evening to the fold ,
 And hasten to our little hut , and hear
 The voice of kindness bid me welcome home !

Amid the village play-mates of my youth
 Was one , whom riper years approved my friend.
 A very gentle maid was Madelon ;
 I loved her as a sister , and long time
 Her undivided tenderness possess'd ,
 Till that a better and a holier tie
 Gave her one nearer friend ; and then my heart
 Partook her happiness , for never liv'd
 A happier pair than Arnaud and his wife.

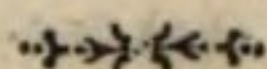
Lorraine was call'd to arms , and with her youth
 Went Arnaud to the war. The morn was fair ,
 Bright shone the sun , the birds sung cheerily ,
 And all the fields look'd lovely in the spring ;
 But to Domremi wretched was that day ,
 For there was lamentation , and the voice
 Of anguish , and the deeper agony
 That spake not. Never will my heart forget
 The feelings that shot thro' me , when the sound
 Of cheerful music burst upon our ears
 Sudden , and from the arms that round their necks
 Hung close entwined , as in a last embrace ,
 Friends , brethren , husbands went.

More frequent now
 Sought I the converse of poor Madelon ;
 For much she needed now the soothing voice
 Of friendship. Heavily the summer pass'd ,
 To her a joyless one , expecting still
 Some tidings from the war ; and as at eve
 She with her mother by the cottage door
 Sat in the sun-shine , I have seen her eye ,
 If one appear'd along the distant path ,



Shape to the form she loved his lineaments,
Her cheek faint flushed by hope, that made her heart
Seem as it sunk within her. So the days
And weeks and months past on, and when the leaves
Fell in the autumn, a most painful hope.
That reason own'd not, that with expectation
Did never cheer her as she rose at morn,
Still linger'd in her heart, and still at night
Made disappointment dreadful. Winter came;
But Arnaud never from the war return'd;
He far away had perish'd; and when late
The tidings of his certain death arriv'd,
Sore with long anguish underneath that blow
She sunk. Then would she sit and think all day
Upon the past, and talk of happiness
That never would return; as tho' she found
Best solace in the thoughts that minister'd
To sorrow: and she lov'd to see the sun
Go down, because another day was gone;
And then she might retire to solitude,
And wakeful recollections, or perchance
To sleep more wearying far than wakefulness;
For in the visions of her heart she saw
Her husband, saw him as escaped the war,
To his own home return'd. Thus day nor night
Reposed she, and she pined, and pined away.

Bitter art thou to him that lives in rest,
O Death! and grievous in the hour of joy
The thought of thy cold dwelling; but thou comest
Most welcome to the wretched, a best friend
To him that wanteth one, a comforter,
For in the grave is peace. By the bed-side
Of Madelon I sat, when she sure felt
The hour of her deliverance drawing near;
I saw her eye kindle with heavenly hope,
I had her latest look of earthly love,
I felt her hand's last pressure. Son of Orleans!



I would not wish to live to know that hour,
When I could think upon a dear friend dead,
And weep not.

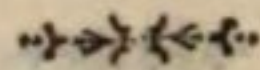
I remember as her corse
Went to the grave, there was a lark sprung up
And soaring in the sun-shine carol'd loud
A joyful song; and in mine heart I thought
That of the multitude of Beings, man
Alone was wretched. »

*Bertram describes the funeral of Henry,
King of England.*

« I saw him, » Bertram cried,
« Henry of Azincour, this conqueror king,
Go to his grave. The long procession past
Slowly from town to town, and when I heard
The deep-toned dirge, and saw the banners wave
A pompous shade, and the high torches glare
In the mid-day-sun a dim and gloomy light;
I thought what he had been on earth, who now
Was gone to his account, and blest my God.
I was not such as he! »

*Reply of the Maid to the Doctors of Theology,
who censured her for not being instructed in the
mysteries of the Holy Mother Church.*

Fathers of the holy Church,
If on these points abstruse a simple maid
Like me, should err, impute not you the crime
To self-will'd reason, vaunting its own strength
Above the eternal wisdom. True it is,
That for long time I have not heard the sound
Of mass high chaunted, nor with trembling lips
Partook the mystic wafer: yet the bird
That to the matin-ray, prelude pour'd
His joyous song, methought did warble forth
Sweeter thanks giving to Religion's ear,

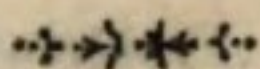


In his wild melody of happiness,
 Than ever rung along the high-arched roofs
 Of man. Yet never from the bending vine
 Pluck'd I its ripen'd clusters thanklessly,
 Of that good God unmindful, who bestow'd
 The bloodless banquet. Ye have told me sirs,
 That nature only teaches man to sin!
 If it be sin to seek the wounded lamb,
 To bind its wounds, and bathe them with my tears;
 This is what Nature taught! NO FATHERS! no,
 Nature is all benevolence, all love,
 All beauty! In the green woods simple shade,
 There is no vice that to the indignant cheek
 Bids the red current rush; no misery there;
 No wretched mother, that with pallid face,
 And famine fall'n, hangs o'er her hungry babes,
 With such a look, so wan, so woe-begone,
 As shall one day, with damning eloquence
 Against the mighty plead! Nature teach sin!
 Oh blasphemy against the Holy One,
 Who made us in the image of himself,
 Who made us all for happiness and love,
 Infinite happiness, infinite love,
 Partakers of his own eternity.

The death of a common Soldier.

Of unrecorded name
 Died the mean man, yet did he leave behind
 One who did never say her daily pray'rs
 Of him forgetful; who to every tale,
 Of the distant war, lending an eager ear,
 Grew pale and trembled. At her cottage door
 The wretched one shall sit, and with dim eye
 Gaze o'er the plain, where on his parting steps
 Her last look hung. Nor ever shall she know
 Her husband dead, but tortur'd with vain hope
 Gaze on then heart-sick turn to her poor babe,
 And weep it fatherless!

The



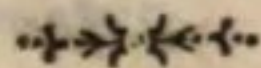
The French troops, commanded by Joan of Arc, after capturing the Forts St. Loup and St. John, surround the Tournelles, and having dispatched a troop to Orleans for provisions, encamp before it for the night.

Now was the noon of night; and all was still,
Save where the centinel pac'd on his rounds
Humming a broken song. Along the camp
High flames the frequent fire. The warrior Franks,
On the hard earth extended, rest their limbs
Fatigued, their spears lay by them, and the shield
Pillowed the helmed head: secure they slept,
And busy Fancy in her dream renewed
The fight of yesterday.

But not to JOAN,
But not to her, most wretched, came thy aid,
Soother of sorrows, Sleep! no more her pulse,
Amid the battle's tumult throbbing fast,
Allow'd no pause for thought. With clasped hands
And fixed eye she sat, the while around
The spectres of the days departed rose,
A melancholy train! upon the gale
The raven's croak was heard; she started up,
And passing thro' the camp with hasty step
Strode to the field of blood.

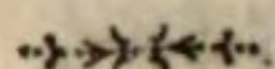
Morning. Attack of the Tournelles: The garrison retreat to the tower on the bridge: Their total defeat there.

Morning came: dim thro' the shade
The first rays glimmer; soon the brightening clouds
Drink the rich beam, and o'er the landscape spread
The dewy light. The soldiers from the earth
Leap up invigorate, and each his food
Receives, impatient to renew the war.



Dunois his javelin to the Tournelles points ,
 « Soldiers of France ! your English foes are there ! »
 As when a band of hunters , round the den
 Of some wood-monster , point their spears , elate
 In hope of conquest and the future feast ;
 When on the hospitable board their spoil
 Shall smoke , and they , as the rich bowl goes round ,
 Tell to their guests their exploits in the chase ;
 They with their shouts of exultation make
 The forest ring ; so elevate of heart ,
 With such loud clamours for the fierce assault
 The French prepare ; nor , guarding now the lists
 Durst the dishearten'd English , man to man ,
 Meet the close conflict. From the barbican (*),
 Or from the embattled wall their yeugh bows
 Bent forceful , and their death-fraught enginery
 Discharged ; nor did the Gallic archers cease
 With well-directed shafts their loftier foes
 To assail : behind the guardian pavais fenced ,
 They at the battlements their arrows aim'd ,
 Showering an iron storm , whilst o'er the bayle ,
 The bayle now levell'd by victorious France ,
 Pass'd the bold troops with all their mangonels ;
 Or tortoises , beneath whose roofing safe ,
 They , filling the deep moat , might for the towers
 Make fit foundations , or their petraries ,
 War-wolfs and beugles , and that murderous sling
 The matafunda , whence the ponderous stone
 Fled fierce , and made one wound of whom it struck ,
 Shattering the frame so that no pious hand
 Gathering his mangled limbs might him convey
 To where his fathers slept : a dreadful train

(*) *Barbican, Pavais, Mangonel, Tortoise, &c.*, are war terms in use at that period of history, and are explained at length in Notes to the Author's original work, to which we refer our readers, as they are too copious for insertion in this place.



Prepared by Salisbury over the sieged town
To hurl his ruin ; but that dreadful train
Must hurl their ruin on the invaders' heads ,
Such retribution righteous Heaven decreed.

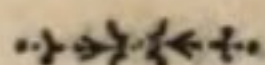
Nor lie the English trembling , for the fort
Was ably garrison'd. Glacidas , the chief ,
A gallant man , sped on from place to place ,
Cheering the brave ; or if the archer's hand ,
Palsied with fear , shot wide the ill-aim'd shaft ,
Threatening the coward who betrayed himself ,
He drove him from the ramparts. In his hand
The chief a cross-bow held ; an engine dread
Of such wide-wasting fury , that of yore
The assembled Fathers of the Christian Church
Pronounc'd that man accurs'd whose impious hand
Should point the murderous weapon. Such decrees
Befit the men of God to promulgate ,
And with a warning voice , tho' haply vain ,
To cry aloud and spare not , woe to them
Whose hands are full of blood !

An English King

The lion-hearted Richard , their decree
First broke , and heavenly retribution doom'd
His fall by the keen quarrel ; since that day
Frequent in fields of battle , and from far
To many a good Knight , bearing his death wound
From hands unknown. With such an instrument ,
Arm'd on the ramparts , Glacidas his eye
Cast on the assailing host. A keener glance
Darts not the hawk when from the feather'd tribe
He marks his victim.

On a Frank he fix'd

His gaze , who kneeling by the trebuchet ,
Charged his long sling with death. Him Glacidas
Secure behind the battlements , beheld ,
And strung his bow ; then on one knee ,
He in the groove the feather'd quarrel placed ,



And levelling with firm eye, the death-wound mark'd
 The bow-string twang'd, on its swift way the dart
 Whizz'd fierce, and struck, there where the helmet's
 Defend the neck; a weak protection now, [clasps
 For thro' the tube that the pure air inhales
 Pierced the keen shaft; blood down th' unwonted way
 Gush'd to the lungs: prone fell the dying man
 Grasping, convuls'd, the earth: a hollow groan
 In his throat struggled, and the dews of death
 Stood on his livid cheek. The days of youth
 He had past peaceful, and had known what joys
 Domestic love bestows, the father once
 Of two fair infants; in the city hemm'd
 During the hard siege; he had seen their cheeks
 Grow pale with famine, and had heard their cries
 For bread! his wife, a broken-hearted one,
 Sunk to the cold grave's quiet, and her babes
 With hunger pined, and followed; he survived,
 A miserable man, and heard the shouts
 Of joy in Orleans, when the Maid approach'd,
 As o'er the corse of his last little one
 He heap'd the unhallowed earth. To him the foe
 Perform'd a friendly part, hastening the hour
 Grief else had soon brought on.

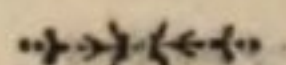
The English Chief,
 Pointing again his arbalist, let loose
 The string; the quarrel, driven by that strong blow,
 True to its aim, fled fatal: one it struck
 Dragging a tortoise to the moat, and fix'd
 Deep in his liver; blood and mingled gall
 Flow'd from the wound; and writhing with keen pangs,
 Head-long he fell; he for the wintry hour
 Knew many a merry ballad and quaint tale,
 A man in his small circle well-beloved.
 None better knew with prudent hand to guide
 The vine's young tendrils, or at vintage time
 To press the full-swoln clusters; he, heart-glad,
 Taught his young boys the little all he knew,



Enough for happiness. The English host
Laid waste his fertile fields : he, to the war,
By want compell'd, adventur'd, in his gore
Now weltering.

Nor the Gallic host remit
Their eager efforts ; some, the watery fence,
Beneath the tortoise roof'd, with engines apt
Drain painful ; part, laden with wood, throw there
Their buoyant burdens, labouring so to gain
Firm footing : some the mangonels supply,
Or charging with huge stones the murderous sling,
Or petrary, or in the espringal
Fix the brass-winged arrows. Hoarse around
Rose the confused din of multitudes.
Fearless along the ramparts Gargrave moved,
Cheering the English troops. The bow he bore ;
The quiver rattled as he moved along.
He knew aright to aim the feather'd shafts,
Well-skill'd to pierce the mottled roebuck's side
O'ertaken in his flight. Him passing on,
From some huge martinet, a ponderous stone
Crush'd : on his breast-plate falling, the vast force,
Shattered the bone, and with his mangled lungs
The fragments mingled. On the sunny brown
Of a fair hill, wood circled, stood his home.
A pleasant dwelling, whence the ample ken
Gazed o'er subjected distance, and surveyed
Streams, hills, and forests, fair variety !
The traveller knew its hospitable towers,
For open were the gates, and blazed for all
The friendly fire. By glory lur'd, the youth
Went forth ; and he had bathed his falchion's edge
In many a Frenchman's gore ; now crush'd beneath
The ponderous fragments force, his mangled limbs
Lie quivering.

The Maid of Arc
Bounds o'er the bridge, and to the wind unfurls

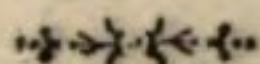


Her hallowed banner. At that welcome sight
 A general shout of acclamation rose,
 And loud, as when the tempest-tossing forest
 Roars to the roaring wind; then terror seiz'd
 The garrison; and fired anew with hope,
 The fierce assailants to their prize rush on
 Resistless. Vainly do their English foes
 Hurl there their beams, and stones, and javelins,
 And fire-brands; fearless in the escalade,
 Firm mount the French, and now upon the wall
 Wage equal battle.

Burning at the sight

With indignation, Glacidas beheld
 His troops fly scattered; fast on every side
 The foes up-rushing eager to their spoil;
 The holy standard waving; and the Maid
 Fierce in pursuit. « Speed but this arrow Heaven! »
 The Chief exclaim'd, « and I shall fall content. »
 So saying, he his sharpest quiver chose,
 And fix'd the bow-string, and against the Maid
 Levelling, let loose: her arm was rais'd on high
 To smite a fugitive: he glanced aside
 Shunning her deadly stroke, and thus receiv'd
 The Chieftain's arrow: thro' his ribs it pass'd,
 And cleft that vessel, whence the purer blood,
 Thro' many a branching channel o'er the frame
 Meanders.

« Fool! » the enraged Chief exclaim'd,
 « Would she had slain thee! thou hast lived too long. »
 Again he aim'd his arbalist: the string
 Struck forceful: swift the erring arrow sped
 Guiltless of blood, for lightly o'er the court
 Bounded the warrior Virgin. Glacidas
 Levelled his bow again; the fated shaft
 Fled true, and difficultly thro' the mail
 Pierced to her neck, and tinged its point with blood.
 « She bleeds! She bleeds! » exulting cried the Chief;
 « The Sorceress bleeds! nor all her hellish arts

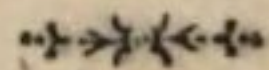


» Can charm my arrows from their destined course. »
 Ill-fated man ! in vain with murderous hand
 Placing thy feather'd quiver in its groove ,
 Dream'st thou of JOAN subdued ! She from her neck
 Plucking the shaft unterrified , exclaim'd
 « This is a favour ! Frenchmen , let us on !
 » Escape they cannot from the hand of God ! »

But Conrade , rolling round his angry eyes,
 Beheld the English Chieftain as he aim'd
 Again the bow : with rapid step he strode ;
 Nor did not Glacidas the Frank perceive ;
 At him he drew the string : the powerless dart
 Fell blunted from his buckler. Fierce he came
 And lifting high his ponderous battle-axe,
 Full on his shoulder drove the furious stroke,
 Deep-buried in his bosom : prone he fell ,
 The cold air rush'd upon his heaving heart.
 One whose low lineage gave no second name
 Was Glacidas , a gallant man , and still
 His memory , in the records of the foe,
 Survives.

*Graville having advised the Maid of Orleans to
 shew no mercy to the English who begged for it,*

« Foul fall such evil policy , »
 The indignant Maid exclaimed. « I tell thee Chief ;
 God is with us , but God shall hide his face
 From him who sheds one drop of human blood
 In calm cold hearted wisdom , him who weighs
 The right and the expedient , and resolves
 Just as the well-poised scale shall rise or fall.
 These men shall live — live to be happy Chief,
 And in the latest hour of life shall bless
 Us who preserved. What is the Conqueror's name ,
 Compar'd to this , when the death-hour shall come ?



To think that we have from the murderous sword
 Rescued one man, and that his heart pour'd prayers,
 Already with celestial eloquence
 Plead for us to the All-Just! »

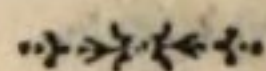
*Charles being crown'd King at Rheims, the Maid
 exhorts him thus.*

« I do beseech thee King! »

The Maid exclaimed, and fell upon the ground,
 And clasped his knees, « I do beseech thee King!
 By all the millions that depend on thee
 For weal or woe — consider what thou art,
 And know thy duty! If thou dost oppress
 Thy people, if to aggrandize thyself,
 Thou tear'st them from their homes, and sendest them
 To slaughter, prodigal of misery!
 If when the widow and the Orphan groan
 In want and wretchedness, thou turnest thee
 To hear the music of the flatterer's tongue;
 If when thou hears't of thousands massacred,
 Thou sayest « I am a King! and fit it is
 That these should perish for me. » If thy realm
 Should, thro' the counsels of thy government
 Be fill'd with woe, and in thy streets be heard
 The voice of mourning, and the feeble cry
 Of asking hunger; if at such a time
 Thou dost behold thy plenty cover'd board,
 And shroud thee in thy robes of Royalty,
 And say that all is well. — Oh gracious God!
 Be merciful to such a monstrous man,
 When the Spirits of the murdered innocent
 Cry at thy throne for justice!

« King of France!

Protect the lowly; feed the hungry ones,
 And be the orphan's father! thus shalt thou
 Become the representative of heaven.



And gratitude and love establish thus
 Thy reign. Believe me King ! that hireling guards,
 Tho' flesh'd in slaughter, would be weak to save
 A tyrant on the blood-cemented throne
 That totters underneath him. »

It is impossible we apprehend for the Reader to peruse even these extracts, without being delighted with the simplicity and richness of the descriptions, the harmony of the numbers, and the noble spirit of independence and liberty so prominent in them.

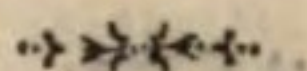
The next volume of poems, published by our author, contains the productions of very distant periods. They possess different degrees of merit; for where a person writes with that uncommon rapidity with which Mr. Southey composes, he will not always write like himself. The Triumph of Woman, and the Sonnets on the Slave-Trade are amongst the best. — MARY is also a very affecting narrative and justly admired.

In the year 1799, he published another volume of poems with this motto.

The better please, the worst displease, I ask no more.

SPENCER.

These are for the most part, of the story or ballad kind, and in imitation of the style of the Old English ballads. Of this number are, « The Complaints of the Poor; the Sailor who had served in the Slave-Trade, » &c. This volume also contains, « The Visions of the Maid of Orleans, » in three



books, which composed the ninth book of the first edition of Joan of Arc, and formed what Mr. Southey called the original sin of the poem. These three books possess many beauties.

Two volumes of poems which successively made their appearance in 1800 and 1801, under the title of the *Annual Anthology*, were for the most part written by Mr. Southey, many of which are unquestionably excellent compositions.

The only prose work from the pen of our Author is intitled «Letters written during a short residence in Spain and Portugal.» The most curious part of this volume relates to the Spanish and Portuguese poetry; fair and large specimens of which from the writings of Lope Felix de Vega Carpio, George of Mountemayer and others, Mr. Southey has given, together with his own translations. Of the other miscellaneous poetry which form so large a portion of the work, an «Inscription for a monument at Truxillo, to the memory of Pizarro,» and an «Address to Mary (*)» are productions certainly not unworthy the author of JOAN OF ARC. The second edition of Mr. Southey's letters is unaccompanied with his translations of Spanish and Portuguese poetry. These, we are happy to hear, are to form a distinct volume; and when enlarged and adorned by Mr. Southey's remarks, cannot fail of being favourably received by the public.

(*) His Wife.

THE PAINTER OF FLORENCE.

BY SOUTHEY.

PART I.

THERE once was a Painter in Catholic days,
 Like Job, who eschewed all evil;
 Still on his Madonas the curious may gaze
 With applause and amazement, but chiefly his
 And delight, was in painting the Devil. [praise,
 They were angels, compared to the devils he drew,
 Who besieged poor St. Anthony's cell;
 Such burning hot eyes, such a damnable hue,
 You could even smell brimstone, their breath was
 He painted his devils so well. [so blue,
 And now had the Artist a picture begun,
 'Twas over the Virgin's church door;
 She stood on the dragon, embracing her son:
 Many devils already the Artist had done,
 But this must out-do all before.

The old Dragon's imps, as they fled through the air,
 At seeing it, paused on the wing,
 For he had the likeness so just to a hair,

~*~*~*~

That they came as Apollyon himself had been there,
To pay their respects to their king.

Every child, at beholding it, shiver'd with dread,
And scream'd, as he turned away quick;
Not an old woman saw it, but, raising her head,
Dropp'd a bead, made a cross on her wrinkles, and
« God help me from ugly Old Nick! »— [said,

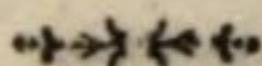
What the Painter so earnestly thought on by day,
He sometimes would dream of by night;
But once he was startled, as sleeping he lay,
'Twas no fancy, no dream—he could plainly survey
That the Devil himself was in sight.

« You rascally dauber, » old Beelzebub cries,
« Take heed how you wrong me again!
« Though your caricatures for myself I despise,
« Make me handsomer now in the multitude's eyes,
» Or see if I threaten in vain! »

Now the painter was bold, and religious beside,
And on faith he had certain reliance;
So earnestly he all his countenance eyed,
And thank'd him for sitting, with Catholic pride,
And sturdily bade him defiance.

Betimes in the morning the Painter arose,
He is ready as soon as 'tis light;
Every look, every line, every feature he knows,
'Tis fresh in his eye, to his labour he goes,
And he has the old wicked-one quite.

Happy man, he is sure the resemblance can't fail,
The



The tip of the nose is red hot ;
 There's his grin, and his fangs, his skin cover'd with
 And that... the identical curl of his tail, [scale,
 Not a mark, not a claw is forgot.

He looks, and retouches again with delight ;
 'Tis a portrait complete to his mind !
 He touches again, and again feeds his sight,
 He looks round for applause, and he sees, with af-
 The original standing behind. [fright,

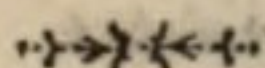
« Fool ! idiot ! » old Beelzebub grinn'd as he spoke,
 And stamp'd on the scaffold in ire ;
 The Painter grew pale, for he knew it no joke,
 'Twas a terrible height, and the scaffolding broke,
 The Devil could wish it no higher.

« Help ! help me ! O Mary ! » he cried in alarm,
 As the scaffold sunk under his feet.
 From the canvas the Virgin extended her arm,
 She caught the good Painter, she saved him from harm,
 There were thousands who saw in the street.

The old Dragon fled when the wonder he 'spied,
 And curs'd his own fruitless endeavour ;
 While the Painter call'd after, his rage to deride,
 Shook his pallet and brushes in triumph, and cried,
 « Now I'll paint thee more ugly than ever ! »

PART II.

The Painter so pious all praise had acquired,
 For defying the malice of hell ;



The Monks the unerring resemblance admired,
Not a lady lived near but her portrait desired
From one who succeeded so well.

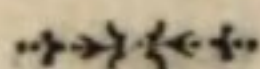
One there was to be painted, the number among,
Of features most fair to behold,
The country around of fair Marguerite rung;
Marguerite she was lovely, and lively, and young,
Her husband was ugly and old.

Oh! Painter, avoid her! Oh! Painter, take care!
For Satan is watchful for you!
Take heed, lest you fall in the wicked one's snare,
The net is made ready. Oh! Painter, beware
Of Satan and Marguerite too!

She seats herself now, now she lifts up her head,
On the Artist she fixes her eyes;
The colours are ready, the canvas is spread,
He lays on the white, and he lays on the red,
And the features of beauty arise.

He is come to her eyes, eyes so bright and so blue,
There's a look that he cannot express,
His colours are dull to their quick-sparkling hue,
More and more on the lady he fixes his view,
On the canvas he looks less and less.

In vain he retouches, her eye sparkles more,
And that look that fair Marguerite gave:
Many devils the Artist had painted of yore,
But he never attempted an Angel before,
St. Anthony help him, and save!



He yielded, alas! for the truth must be told,
To the woman, the tempter, and fate;
It was settled, the Lady, so fair to behold,
Should elope from her husband, so ugly and old,
With the Painter so pious of late.

Now Satan exults in his vengeance complete,
To the husband he makes the scheme known;
Night comes, and the lovers impatiently meet,
Together they fly, they are seiz'd in the street,
And in prison the Painter is thrown.

With Repentance, his only companion, he lies,
And a dismal companion is she.

On a sudden he saw the old Serpent arise....

« You villainous dauber, » old Beelzebub cries,

« You are paid for your insults to me.

« But my too tender heart it is easy to move,

« If to what I propose you agree :

« That picture... be fair! the resemblance improve,

« Make a handsomer picture... your chains I'll re-

« And you shall this instant be free. » [move,

Overjoy'd, the condition so easy he hears,

« I'll make you more handsome, » ... he said.

He sees that his chain on the Devil appears,

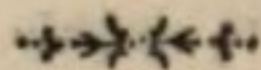
Releas'd from his prison, releas'd from his fears.

The Painter lies snug in his bed.

At morn he arises, composes his look,

And proceeds to his work as before;

The people beheld him, the culprit they took,



They thought that the Painter his prison had broke,
And to prison they led him once more.

They open the dungeon... behold in his place,
In the corner, old Beelzebub lay;
He smirks, and he smiles, and he leers with a grace,
That the Painter might catch all the charms of his
Then vanish'd in light'ning away. [face,

Quoth the Painter... « I trust you'll suspect me no
« Since you find my denial was true; [more,
« But I'll alter the picture above the church-door,
« For I never saw Satan so closely before...
« And I must give the Devil his due. »...

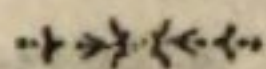
LORD WILLIAM.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

No eye beheld when William plung'd
Young Edmund in the stream;
No human ear but William's heard
Young Edmund's drowning scream.

Submissive all the vassals own'd
The murderer for their lord,
And he, the rightful heir, possess'd
The house of Erlingford.

The ancient house of Erlingford
Stood midst a fair domain,



And Severn's ample waters near
Roll'd through the fertile plain.

And often the way-faring man
Would love to linger there,
Forgetful of his onward road,
To gaze on scenes so fair.

But never could lord William dare
To gaze on Severn's stream;
In every wind that swept its waves,
He heard Young Edmund scream.

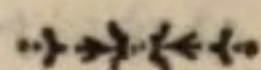
In vain at midnight's silent hour
Sleep closed the murderer's eyes;
In every dream the murderer saw
Young Edmund's form arise.

In vain, by restless conscience driv'n,
Lord William left his home,
Far from the scenes that saw his guilt,
In pilgrimage to roam.

To other climes the pilgrim fled,
But could not fly despair;
He sought his home again, but peace
Was still a stranger there.

Each hour was tedious long, yet swift
The months appear'd to roll;
And now the day return'd that shook
With terror William's soul.

A day that William never felt
Return without dismay,



For well had conscience kalender'd
Young Edmund's dying day.

A fearful day was that ! the rains
Fell fast , with tempest roar ,
And the swoln tide of Severn spread
Far on the level shore.

In vain lord William sought the feast ,
In vain he quaff'd the bowl ,
And strove with noisy mirth to drown
The anguish of his soul.

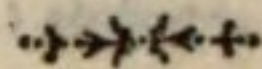
The tempest , as its sudden swell
In gusty howlings came ,
With cold and death-like feelings seem'd
To thrill his shuddering frame.

Reluctant now , as night came on ,
His lonely couch he press'd ;
And , wearied out , he sunk to sleep ,
To sleep , but not to rest.

Beside that couch his brother's form
Lord Edmund, seem'd to stand ,
Such , and so pale as when in death
He grasp'd his brother's hand :

Such , and so pale his face as when ,
With faint and faltering tongue ,
To William's care , a dying charge ,
He left his orphan son.

« I bade thee , with a father's love ,
« My orphan Edmund guard ;



« Well, William, hast thou kept thy charge?
« Now take thy due reward. » ...

He started up, each limb convuls'd
With agonizing fear;
He only heard the storm of night,
'Twas music to his ear.

When lo! the voice of loud alarm
His inmost soul appals,
« What ho! lord William, rise in haste!
« The water saps thy walls! » ...

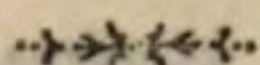
He rose in haste: beneath the walls
He saw the flood appear;
It hemm'd him round, 'twas midnight now.
No human aid was near.

He heard the shout of joy, for now
A boat approach'd the wall,
And, eager to the welcome aid,
They crowd for safety all.

« My boat is small, » the boatman cried,
« This dangerous haste forbear!
« Wait other aid; this little bark
« But one from hence can bear. »

Lord William leap'd into the boat,
« Haste ... haste to yonder shore!
« And ample wealth shall well reward,
« Ply swift and strong the oar. »

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Went light along the stream;



Sudden lord William heard a cry
Like Edmund's drowning scream.

The boatman paus'd, ... « methought I heard
« A child's distressful cry ! »
« 'Twas but the howling wind of night, »
Lord William made reply.

« Haste, haste ... ply swift and strong the oar !
« Haste ... haste across the stream ! »
Again lord William heard a cry
Like Edmund's drowning scream.

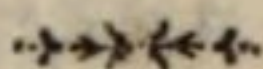
« I heard a child's distressful scream, »
The boatman cried again.
« Nay, hasten on ... the night is dark
« And we should search in vain. »

« Oh God ! lord William, dost thou know
« How dreadful 'tis to die ?
« And can'st thou without pity hear
« A child's expiring cry ?

« How horrible it is to sink
« Beneath the chilly stream !
« To stretch the powerless arms in vain,
« In vain for help to scream ! »

The shriek again was heard ; it came
More deep, more piercing loud ;
That instant o'er the flood the moon
Shone through a broken cloud.

And near them they beheld a child,
Upon a crag he stood,



A little crag, and all around
Was spread the rising flood.

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Approach'd his resting place,
The moon-beam shone upon the child,
And show'd how pale his face.

« Now reach thine hand! » the boatman cried,
« Lord William reach and save ! »
The child stretch'd forth his little hands,
To grasp the hand he gave.

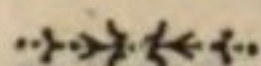
Then William shriek'd; the hand he touch'd
Was cold, and damp, and dead !
He felt young Edmund in his arms,
A heavier weight than lead.

The boat sunk down, the murderer sunk
Beneath the avenging stream ;
He rose, he scream'd ! . . . no human ear
Heard William's drowning scream.

BISHOP BRUNO.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

BISHOP BRUNO awoke in the dead midnight,
And he heard his heart beat loud with affright,
He dreamt he had rung the palace bell,
And the sound it gave was his passing-knell.



Bishop Bruno smil'd at his fears so vain,
He turn'd to sleep, and he dreamt again;
He rung at the palace gate once more,
And Death was the porter that open'd the door.

He started up at the fearful dream,
And he heard at his window the screech-owl scream;
Bishop Bruno slept no more that night,
O glad was he when he saw the day-light.

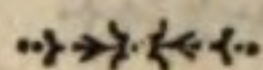
Now forth he goes in proud array,
For he with the Emperor dines to-day;
There was not a baron in Germany,
That went with a nobler train than he.

Before and behind his soldiers ride,
The people throng'd to see the pride;
They bow'd the head, and the knee they bent,
But nobody bless'd him as he went.

He went so stately and so proud,
When he heard a voice that cried aloud:
« Ho! ho! Bishop Bruno! you travel with glee,
« But know, Bishop Bruno, you travel to me. »

Behind, and before, and on either side,
He look'd, but nobody he espied;
And the Bishop he grew cold with fear,
For he heard the words distinct and clear.

And when he rung at the palace bell,
He almost expected to hear his knell;
And when the porter turn'd the key,
He almost expected Death to see.



But soon the Bishop recover'd his glee,
For the Emperor welcom'd him royally;
And now the tables were spread, and there
Were choicest wines, and dainty fare.

And now the Bishop had bless'd the meat,
When a voice was heard, as he sat in his seat;
« With the Emperor now you are dining in glee,
« But know, Bishop Bruno, you sup with me. »

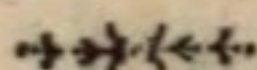
The Bishop then grew pale with affright,
And instantly lost his appetite;
And all the wine and dainty cheer
Could not comfort his heart so sick with fear.

But by little and little recover'd he,
For the wine went flowing merrily,
And he forgot his former dread,
And his cheeks again grew rosy red.

When he sat down to the royal fare,
Bishop Bruno was the saddest man there;
But when the maskers enter'd the hall,
He was the merriest man of all.

Then from amid the maskers' crowd
There went a voice hollow and loud:
« You have pass'd the day, Bishop Bruno, with
« But you must pass the night with me! » [glee,

His cheek grows pale, and his eye-balls glare,
And stiff round his tonsure rises his hair:
With that there came one from the maskers' band,
And he took the Bishop by the hand.



The bony hand suspended his breath,
His marrow grew cold at the touch of Death;
On saints in vain he attempted to call . . .
Bishop Bruno fell dead in the palace hall.

MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN. (*)

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Who is she, the poor maniac, whose wildly-fixt
Seem a heart overcharged to express? [eyes
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs;
She never complains, but her silence implies
The composure of settled distress.

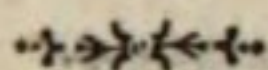
No aid, no compassion the maniac will seek,
Cold and hunger awake not her care:—
Thro' her rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak
On her poor wither'd bosom half bare, and her cheek
Has the deathly pale hue of despair.

Yet chearful and happy, not distant the day,
Poor Mary the maniac has been;
The traveller remembers who journey'd this way,
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay
As Mary, the maid of the inn.

Her chearful address filled the guests with delight,

(*) The Story of the following Ballad was related to the Author, when a School-boy, as a fact which had really happened in the North of England.

As



As she welcomed them in with a smile :
 Her heart was a stranger to childish affright ,
 And Mary would walk by the abbey at night ,
 When the wind whistled down the dark aile.

She loved, and young Richard had settled the day,
 And she hoped to be happy for life ,
 But Richard was idle , and worthless , and they
 Who knew him would pity poor Mary, and say,
 That she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,
 And fast were the windows and door ;
 Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright ,
 And smoaking in silence with tranquil delight,
 They listened to hear the wind roar.

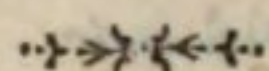
« 'Tis pleasant, » cried one, « seated by the fire-side,
 » To hear the wind whistle without. »

« A fine night for the abbey ! » his comrade replied,
 « Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried,
 » Who should wander the ruins about.

» I myself, like a school-boy, should tremble to hear
 » The hoarse ivy shake over my head ;
 » And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,
 » Some ugly old abbot's white spirit appear, ...
 » For this wind might awaken the dead. »

« I'll wager a dinner , » the other one cried,
 « That Mary would venture there now. »

« Then wager and lose ! » with a sneer he replied,
 » I'll warrant she'd fancy some ghost by her side,
 » And faint if she saw a white cow. »



« Will Mary this charge on her courage allow? »

His companion exclaimed with a smile,
« I shall win, for I know she will venture there now,
» And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough
» From the elder that grows in the aile. »

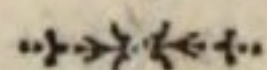
With fearless good humour did Mary comply,
And her way to the abbey she bent;
The night it was dark, and the wind it was high,
And as hollowly howling it swept thro' the sky,
She shivered with cold as she went.

O'er the path so well known, still proceeded the maid
Where the abbey rose dim on the sight,
Thro' the gate-way she entered, she felt not afraid,
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
Seem'd to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
Howl'd dismally round the old pile;
Over weed-covered fragments still fearless she past,
And arrived in the innermost ruin at last,
Where the elder tree grew in the aile.

Well-pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew
And hastily gather'd the bough : [near,
When the sound of a voice seemed to rise on her ear,
She paus'd, and she listen'd, all eager to hear,
And her heart panted fearfully now.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head,
She listen'd, ... nought else could she hear.
The wind ceas'd, her heart sunk in her bosom with
[dread.



For she heard in the ruins distinctly the tread
Of footsteps approaching her near.

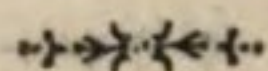
Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear,
She crept to conceal herself there;
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,
And she saw in the moon-light two ruffians appear,
And between them a corps did they bear.

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curdle cold!
Again the rough wind hurried by, . . .
It blew off the hat of the one, and behold,
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd, . . .
She felt, and expected to die.

«Curse the hat!» he exclaims. «Nay, come on and
The dead body,» his comrade replies. [first hide
She beheld them in safety pass on by her side,
She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,
And fast through the abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, she rush'd in at the door,
She gazed horribly eager around,
Then her limbs could support their faint burthen no
[more,
And exhausted and breathless she sunk on the floor,
Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
For a moment the hat met her view, . . .
Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
For . . . oh, God! what cold horror then thrill'd thro'
[her heart,
When the name of her Richard she knew!



Where the old abbey stands, on the common hard
 His gibbet is now to be seen : [by,
 Not far from the road it engages the eye,
 The traveller beholds it, and thinks with a sigh,
 Of poor Mary the maid of the inn.

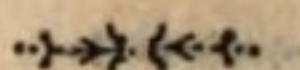
ALONZO THE BRAVE, AND FAIR IMOGINE.

BY LEWIS.

A WARRIOR so bold and a virgin so bright
 Conversed, as they sat on the green;
 They gazed on each other with tender delight;
 Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight,
 The maid's was the Fair Imogine.

...« And, oh! » said the youth, « since to-morrow I
 « To fight in a far-distant land, [go
 « Your tears for my absence soon leaving to flow,
 « Some other will court you, and you will bestow
 « On a wealthier suitor your hand. » ...

...« Oh! hush these suspicions, » Fair Imogine said,
 « Offensive to love and to me!
 « For, if you be living, or if you be dead,
 « I swear by the Virgin, that none in your stead
 « Shall the husband of Imogine be.



« And if e'er for another my heart should decide,
« Forgetting Alonzo the Brave,
« God grant, that, to punish my falsehood and pride,
« Your ghost at the marriage may sit by my side,
« May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
« And bear me away to the grave! » . . .

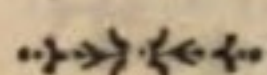
To Palestine hasten'd the hero so bold;
His love she lamented him sore :
But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed, when behold,
A Baron all cover'd with jewels and gold
Arrived at Fair Imogene's door.

His treasure, his presents, his spacious domain,
Soon made her untrue to her vows :
He dazzled her eyes; he bewilder'd her brain;
He caught her affections so light and so vain,
And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been bless'd by the priest;
The revelry now was begun :
The tables they groan'd with the weight of the feast;
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceased,
When the bell of the castle toll'd . . . « one! »

Then first with amazement Fair Imogene found
That a stranger was placed by her side :
His air was terrific; he utter'd no sound;
He spoke not, he moved not, he look'd not around,
But earnestly gazed on the bride.

His visor was closed, and gigantic his height;
His armour was sable to view :
All pleasure and laughter were hush'd at his sight;



The dogs, as they eyed him, drew back in affright;
The lights in the chamber burnt blue!

His presence all bosoms appear'd to dismay;
The guests sat in silence and fear,
At length spoke the bride, while she trembled: ... « I pray,
« Sir Knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
« And deign to partake of our cheer. » ...

The lady is silent: the stranger complies,
His visor he slowly unclosed:
Oh! then what a sight met Fair Imogine's eyes!
What words can express her dismay and surprise,
When a skeleton's head was exposed!

All present then utter'd a terrified shout;
All turn'd with disgust from the scene:
The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept
And sported his eyes and his temples about, [out,
While the spectre address'd Imogine:

« Behold me, thou false one! behold me! » he cried;
« Remember Alonzo the Brave!
« God grants, that, to punish thy falsehood and pride,
« My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side,
« Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
« And bear thee away to the grave! »

Thus saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
While loudly she shriek'd in dismay;
Then sank with his prey through the wide-yawning
Nor ever again was Fair Imogine found, [ground:
Or the spectre who bore her away.



Not long lived the Baron : and none since that time
To inhabit the castle presume ;
For chronicles tell , that , by order sublime ,
There Imogine suffers the pain of her crime ,
And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight four times in each year does her sprite,
When mortals in slumber are bound,
Array'd in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear in the hall with the skeleton-knight,
And shriek as he whirls her around.

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the
Dancing round them pale spectres are seen : [grave,
Their liquor is blood , and this horrible stave
They howl : . . . « To the health of Alonzo the Brave,
« And his consort , the False Imogine ! »

THE PRINCESS AND THE SLAVE.

BY LEWIS.

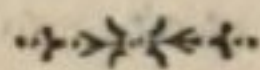
Where fragrant breezes sigh'd thro' orange bowers ,
And springing fountains cool'd the air with showers,
From pomp retired , and noon-tide's burning ray,
The fair , the royal Nouronihar lay.
The cups of roses , newly-cropp'd , were spread
Her lovely limbs beneath , and o'er her head
Imprison'd nightingales attuned their throats ,
And lull'd the princess with melodious notes.
Here roll'd a lucid stream its gentle wave



With scarce heard murmur; while a Georgian slave
 Placed near the couch with feathers in her hand,
 The lady's panting breast in silence fann'd,
 And chased the insects, who presumed to seek
 Their banquet on the beauty's glowing cheek.
 This slave, a mild and simple maid was she,
 Of common form, and born of low degree,
 Whose only charms were smiles, devoid of art,
 Whose only wealth, a gentle feeling heart.

While thus within her secret loved retreat,
 Half sleeping, half awake, oppress'd with heat,
 The princess slumber'd; near her, shrill, yet faint,
 Rose the sad tones of suppliant sorrow's plaint.
 She starts, and angry gazes round: when lo!
 A wretched female, bent with age and woe,
 Drags her unsteady feet the arbour nigh,
 While every step is number'd by a sigh.
 Meagre and wan her form, her cheek is pale;
 Her tatter'd garments scarce her limbs can veil;
 Yet still, through want and grief, her air betrays
 Grandeur's remains, and gleams of better days.
 Soon as to Nouronihar's couch she came,
 Low on the ground her weak and trembling frame
 Exhausted sank; and then, with gasping breast,
 She thus in plaintive tones the fair address'd.

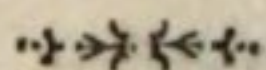
—“ If e'er compassion's tear your cheek could
 “ If e'er you languish'd in disease and pain, [stain,
 “ If e'er you sympathized with age's groan,
 “ Hear, noble lady, hear a suppliant's moan!
 “ Broken by days of want, and nights of tears,



Scarce are these words pronounced, when, bless'd
[surprise!

The stranger's age-bowed figure swells its size !
No more the stamp of years deforms her face ;
Her tatter'd shreds to sparkling robes give place ;
Her breath perfumes the air with odours sweet ;
Fresh roses spring wherever tread her feet ;
And from her eyes , where reign delight and love,
Unusual splendour glitters thro' the grove !
Her silver wand, her form of heavenly mould,
Her white and shining robes , her wings of gold,
Her port majestic , and superior height,
Announce a daughter of the world of light !
The princess , whom her slave's delighted cries
Compell'd once more to ope her sleep-bound eyes,
With wonder mix'd with awe the scene survey'd ,
While thus the Peri cheer'd the captive maid.

« Look up , sweet girl , and cast all fears aside !
« I seek my darling son's predestined bride ,
« And here I find her : here are found alone ,
» Feelings as kind , as gracious as his own.
« For you , fair princess , in whose eyes of blue ,
« The strife of envy, shame , and grief, I view,
« Observe , and profit by this scene! you gave,
« But oh ! how far less nobly than your slave !
« Your bitter speech, proud glance, and peevish tone
« Too plain declared , your gift was meant alone
« Your own repose and silence to secure,
« And hush the beggar , not relieve the poor !
» Oh ! royal lady , let this lesson prove ,



« Smiles, more than presents, win a suppliant's love:
« And when your mandates rule some distant land,
« Where all expect their blessings from your hand,
« Remember, with ill-will and frowns bestow'd,
« Favours offend, and gifts become a load! » —

She ceased, and touching with her silver wand
Her destined daughter, straight two wings expand
Their purple plumes, and wave o'er either arm;
Next to her person spreads the powerful charm;
And soon the enraptured wondering maid combined
A faultless person with a faultless mind.
Then, while with joy divine their hearts beat high,
Swift as the lightning of a jealous eye
The Peries spread their wings, and soar'd away
To the bless'd regions of eternal day,

Stung with regret, the princess saw too plain,
Lost by her fault what tears could ne'er regain!
Long on the tablets of her humbled breast
The Peri's parting words remain'd impress'd.
E'en when her hand Golconda's scepter sway'd,
And subject realms her mild behests obey'd,
The just reproof her conscious ear still heard;
Still she remember'd, with ill grace conferr'd,
Crowns, to a feeling mind, less joy impart,
Than trifles, offer'd with a willing heart.

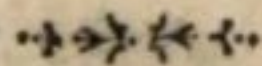
THE BLEEDING ROCK.

BY HANNAH MORE.

The annual wound allur'd
 The Syrian damsels to lament his fate,
 In amorous ditties all a summer's day;
 While smooth Adonis from his native rock
 Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
 Of Thammuz yearly wounded. MILTON.

Where beauteous Belmont rears its modest brow
 To view Sabrina's silver waves below,
 Liv'd Lindamira; fair as beauty's queen,
 The same sweet form, the same enchanting mien,
 With all that softer elegance of mind
 By genius heighten'd, and by taste refin'd.
 Yet yearly was she doom'd the child of care,
 For love, ill-fated love subdu'd the fair.
 Ah! what avails each captivating grace,
 The form enchanting, or the finish'd face?
 Or what each beauty on the heaven-born mind,
 The soul superior, or the taste refin'd?
 Beauty but serves destruction to ensure,
 And sense, to feel the pangs it cannot cure.
 Each neighb'ring youth aspir'd to gain her hand,
 And many a suitor came from many a land.
 But all in vain each neighb'ring youth aspir'd,
 And distant suitors all in vain admir'd.

Averse

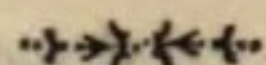


Averse to hear, yet fearful to offend,
The lover she refus'd she made a friend:
Her meek rejection wore so mild a face,
More like acceptance seem'd it, than disgrace.

Young Polydore, the pride of rural swains,
Was wont to visit Belmont's blooming plains.
Who had not heard that Polydore could throw
Th' unerring dart to wound the flying doe?
How leave the swiftest at the race behind,
How mount the courser, and outstrip the wind?
With melting sweetness, or with magic fire,
Breathe the soft flute, or strike the louder lyre?
From that fam'd lyre no vulgar music sprung,
The Graces tun'd it, and Apollo sung.

Apollo too was once a shepherd swain,
And fed the flock, and grac'd the rustic plain.
He taught what charms to rural life belong,
The social sweetness, and the sylvan song;
He taught, fair Wisdom in her grove to woo,
Her joys how precious, and her wants how few!
The savage herds in mute attention stood,
And ravish'd echo fill'd the vocal wood;
The sacred Sisters, stooping from their sphere,
Forgot their golden harps, intent to hear.
Till Heav'n the scene survey'd with jealous eyes,
And Jove, in envy call'd him to the skies.

Young Polydore was rich in large domains,
In smiling pastures, and in flowery plains:
With these, he boasted each exterior charm,
To win the prudent, and the cold to warm
To act the tenderness he never felt,



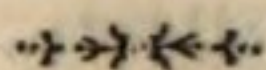
In sorrow soften , and in anguish melt.
 The sigh elaborate , the fraudulent tear ,
 The joy dissembled , and the well-feign'd fear ,
 All these were his ; and his the treach'rous art
 That steals the guileless and unpractis'd heart.

Too soon he heard of Lindamira's fame ,
 'Twas each enamour'd shepherd's fav'rite theme,
 Return'd the rising and the setting sun ,
 The shepherd's fav'rite theme was never done.
 They prais'd her wit, her worth, her shape, her air!
 And ev'n inferior beauties thought her fair.

Such sweet perfection all his wonder mov'd :
 He saw, admir'd, nay, fancied that he lov'd :
 But Polydore no real passion knew,
 Lost to all truth in feigning to be true.
 No sense of tenderness could warm a heart,
 Too proud to feel, too selfish to impart.

Cold as the snows of Rhodope descend ,
 And with the chilling waves of Hebrus blend ;
 So cold the breast where vanity presides,
 And mean self-love the bosom feelings guides.

Too well he knew to make his conquest sure ,
 Win her soft heart , yet keep his own secure.
 So oft he told the well-imagin'd tale ,
 So oft he swore — how should he not prevail ?
 Too unsuspecting not to be deceiv'd ,
 The well-imagin'd tale the nymph believ'd ;
 She lov'd the youth , she thought herself belov'd ,
 Nor blush'd to praise whom ev'ry maid approv'd.
 Alas! that youth , from Lindamira far ,
 For newer conquests wages cruel war ;



With other nymphs on other plains he roams,
Where injur'd Lindamira never comes,
Laughs at her easy faith, insults her woe,
Nor pities tears himself had taught to flow.

And now her eye's soft radiance seem'd to fail,
And now the crimson of her cheek grew pale;
The lily there, in faded beauty, shows
Its sickly empire o'er the vanquish'd rose.

Devouring sorrow marks her for his prey,
And slow and certain mines his silent way.

Yet, as apace her ebbing life declin'd,
Increasing strength sustain'd her firmer mind.

« O had my heart been hard as his, » she cried,
An hapless victim thus I had not died :

If there be gods, and gods there surely are,
Insulted virtue doubtless is their care.

Then hasten righteous Heaven! my tedious fate,
Shorten my woes, and end my mortal date :

Quick let your power transform this failing frame,
Let me be any thing but what I am !

And since the cruel woes I'm doom'd to feel
Proceed, alas! from having lov'd too well ;

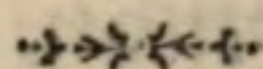
Grant me some form where love can have no part,
Nor human weakness reach my guarded heart.

If pity has not left your blest abodes
Change me to flinty adamant, ye gods ;

To hardest rock, or monumental stone,
Rather than let me know the pangs I've known ;

So shall I thus no farther torments prove,
Nor taunting rivals say, « she died for love. »

For sure if aught can aggravate our fate,



'Tis scorn or pity from the breast we hate.
 She said — the gods accord the sad request;
 For when were pious prayers in vain addrest?
 Now, strange to tell! if rural folks say true,
 To harden'd rock the stiffening damsel grew;
 No more her shapeless features can be known,
 Stone is her body, and her limbs are stone,
 The growing rock invades her beauteous face,
 And quickly petrifies each living grace;
 The stone her stature nor her shape retains,
 The nymph is vanish'd, but the rock remains.
 Yet would her heart its vital spirits keep,
 And scorn to mingle with the marble heap.

When babling Fame the fatal tidings bore,
 Grief seiz'd the soul of perjur'd Polydore;
 Despair and horror robb'd his soul of rest,
 And deep compunction wrung his tortur'd breast,
 Then to the fatal spot in haste he hied,
 And plung'd a deadly poniard in his side:
 He bent his dying eyes upon the stone,
 And, « Take sweet maid, » he cried, « my parting
 Fainting, the steel he grasp'd, and as he fell, [groan.
 The weapon pierc'd the rock he lov'd so well;
 The guiltless steel assail'd the mortal part,
 And stabb'd the vital vulnerable heart;
 The life-blood issuing from the wounded stone,
 Blends with the crimson current of his own;
 And tho' revolving ages since have past,
 The meeting torrents undiminish'd last:
 Still gushes out the sanguine stream amain,
 The standing wonder of the stranger swain.

Now once a year, so rustic records tell,
When o'er the heath resounds the midnight bell;
On eve of Midsummer that foe to sleep,
What time young maids their annual vigils keep,
The tell-tale shrub (*) fresh gather'd to declare
The swains who false, from those who constant are:
When ghosts in clanking chains the church-yard
And to the wondering ear of fancy talk: [walk,
When the scar'd maid steals trembling thro' the
To kiss the tomb of him who died for love: [grove,
When, with long watchings, Care, at length opprest,
Steals broken pauses of uncertain rest;
Nay Grief short snatches of repose can take,
And nothing but Despair is quite awake:
Then, at that hour, so still, so full of fear,
When all things horrible to thought appear,
Is perjur'd Polydore observ'd to rove
A ghastly spectre thro' the gloomy grove;
Then to the rock, the *Bleeding Rock* repair;
Where sadly sighing, it dissolves to air.

Still when the hours of solemn rites return,
The village train in sad procession mourn;
Pluck every weed which might the spot disgrace,
And plant the fairest field-flow'rs in their place.
Around no noxious plants, or floweret grows,
But the first daffodil, and earliest rose:
The snow-drop spreads its whitest bosom here,
And golden cowslips grace the vernal year:
Here the pale primrose takes a fairer hue,

(*)Midsummer-men; consulted as oracles by village maids.



And every violet boasts a brighter blue.
 Here builds the wood-lark, here the faithful dove
 Laments her lost, or wooes her living love.
 Secure from harm is every hallow'd nest,
 The spot is sacred where true lovers rest.
 To guard the rock from each malignant sprite,
 A troop of guardian spirits watch by night,
 Aloft in air each takes his little stand,
 The neighb'ring hill is hence call'd *Fairy Land*. (*)

THE INVITATION.

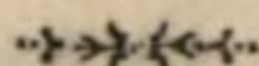
BY BARCLAY.

AWAKE my fair, the morning springs,
 The dew-drops glance around;
 The heifer lows, the blackbird sings,
 The echoing vales resound.

The simple sweets would Stella taste,
 That breathing morning yields? —
 The fragrance of the flow'ry waste,
 And freshness of the fields?

By uplands and the greenwood side,
 Let's take our early way,
 And view the valley spreading wide,
 And opening with the day.

(*) By contraction *Failand*, a hill well known in Somersetshire; not far from this is *The Bleeding Rock*, from which constantly issues a crimson current.



Nor uninformative shall the scene
Unfold its charms in vain;
The fallow brown, the meadow green,
The mountain, and the plain;

Each dew-drop glist'ning on the thorn,
And trembling to its fall;
Each blush that paints the cheek of morn,
In wisdom's ear shall call:

« O ye, in youth and beauty's pride,
Who lightly dance along;
While laughter frolicks at your side,
And rapture tunes your song!

« What tho' each grace around you play,
Each beauty blooms for you,
Warm as the blush of rising day,
And sparkling as the dew:

« The blush that glows so gaily now,
But glows to disappear;
And, quivering from the bending bow,
Soon breaks the pearly tear!

« So pass the beauties of your prime,
That e'en in blooming die;
So shrinking at the blast of time,
The treach'rous graces fly. »

Let those, my Stella, slight the strain,
Who fear to find it true;
Each fair of transient beauty vain,
And youth as transient too!

With charms that win beyond the sight,
And hold the willing heart,
My Stella shall await their flight,
Nor sigh when they depart.

Still graces shall remain behind,
And beauties still controul;
The graces of the polish'd mind,
And beauties of the soul.

THE REPENTANCE OF PASSION.

The following poem, in a distant part of the world, had fact for its foundation. The lovers thus described, parted with the emotions the story gives them. The dialogue only is fanciful : it is the form which the author adopted, as the best manner of conveying it to the public.

H E.

And does my Harriot still adhere,
To wear affliction's garb alone;
Still does she hold her spoiler dear,
And prize his peace who broke her own?
Still will she strive his pangs to heal,
Who all her youthful honours tore,
And near his pillow constant kneel,
When every power to please is o'er?

S H E.

And does my love, unkind, suppose

~*~*~

I e'er would leave his lonely bed ;
Forsake the youth my heart has chose ,
And fly , because his health is fled ?
And will he , sunk in sad despair ,
Believe his Harriot loves no more ;
Or think , while she can soothe one care ,
That every power to please is o'er ?

H E.

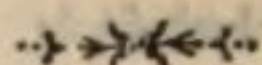
Ah ! cease to prop my woe-worn head !
Shun the sad wretch thou canst not save
Nor hover round that guilty bed ,
Where martyr'd virtue found its grave :
Here sunk the glories of thy youth ,
Each blooming honour doom'd to fall ;
Here treachery triumph'd over truth.
And here stern death shall expiate all.

S H E.

Ah ! cease to wound my heart anew !
Still if thou bend'st at sorrow's shrine ,
Again thy Harriot thou 'lt undo ,
For Harriot's life is wrapt in thine ; —
Had I ten thousand wrongs endur'd ,
And that lov'd cheek one tear let fall ,
That single tear each pang had cur'd ;
— One tender sigh would expiate all.

H E.

O spurn me ! — case thy heart with steel —
Give just resentment all its force ;



Nor by such kindness let me feel
The torture of severe remorse.
Why in life's early happy day,
When health and joy gave means to bless;
Why did I heedless turn away
From her who lov'd to such excess?

S H E.

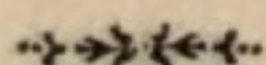
Lament no more, my bosom'd friend;
Thy errors past, thy cares should cease;
Corroding thought awhile suspend,
And nurtur'd hope shall beam with peace;
Thy kind thy gentle Harriot sues, —
Clings round thy arm with fond caress:
Nature will every fault excuse,
And sweetly pardon love's excess.

H E.

Too tender, too relenting fair!
My fault can never be forgot;
Unpitying love would scorn my prayer;
And injur'd nature owns me not;
When in the fond ingenuous hour,
Thy native tenderness was shewn,
How did I meanly sport with power,
Betray thy love, and shame my own.

S H E.

Hear me, thou persevering man!
Hear what thy Harriot firmly swears —
If courted death must be thy plan,



Remember, 't will but prelude her's;
 Here will she wait thy final doom—
 Then, drench'd in tears and desperate grown,
 Stretch'd o'er thy corse, in life's first bloom,
 Forget thy love and end her own.

H E.

Lend me thy aid to combat fate;
 For thy dear sake I'll strive to live;
 Draw near me, — help. oh! 'tis too late—
 Take the last kiss I now can give:
 Wan is that cheek you oft have press'd,
 And dim those eyes you lov'd so well;
 And the hard pang that rends my breast,
 My faltering tongue can scarcely tell.

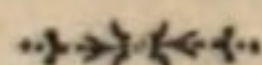
S H E.

Here — on this bosom rest thy head—
 Speak—look on me—and breathe once more.
 His pulse is still — oh God! he's dead—
 Fate, do thy worst, — the conflict's o'er!

« *Poetry of the World.* »

A MORAL PICTURE.

All hail to thee! thou peaceful lone retreat!
 Welcome this rude uncultivated spot!
 Where hospitality has fix'd her seat,
 In humble poverty's sequester'd cot.



Those barren hills that bound yon dreary rocks,
That solitary stream meand'ring slow!
This little pasture, and these scanty flocks,
Have charms which opulence may never know.

By servile tribes and fortune's minions scorn'd,
Remote from crowds, on schemes of grandeur bent,
Here simple nature, sweetly unadorn'd,
Dwells with her handmaids, Virtue and Content.

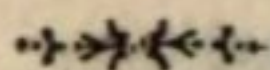
Within this lowly hut, whose tottering roof
Seems just departing from its time-worn thatch,
A generous pair, compassion's noblest proof,
For every traveller lift the friendly latch.

Tho' small their income, ample is their mind,
With few possessions they've abundant wealth;
In nature's bounteous lap they daily find
Life's choicest blessings, innocence and health.

Together once they trod its early stage,
Together now they journey down the vale;
Past scenes of youth endear approaching age,
And waft them onward with a gentle gale.

One beauteous maid, dear pledge of nuptial love,
With artless prattle every care beguiles;
She, while her parents cherish and improve,
Cheers all their thoughtful hours with infant smiles.

For her alone they wear a short-liv'd gloom,
Her future weal still anxious to secure;
Content, when summon'd to their final doom,
To leave her honest, tho' they leave her poor.



« O sacred wedlock! flame for ever bright!
Perpetual source of untumultuous joy!
Pure silent stream! that flows with new delight,
Bliss still encreasing, sweets that never cloy.

«Midst bustling throngs thy soft endearments charm,
Restrain the husband, and protect the wife,
But chief thy chaste connubial raptures warm
The peaceful current of unruffled life.»

There the mild transports of the social hour,
Forbid each all-completed wish to roam,
Best pleas'd to seek retirement's halcyon bower,
And rear the ripening progeny at home.

Approach this rural scene, ye little great,
Ye ever-roving, ever-thoughtless crew,
Suspend awhile magnificence and state,
To learn contentment from the happy few.

Come too, ye cruel, unrelenting fair,
Who from your children banish nature's friend,
Here view the pattern of maternal care,
And, while you contemplate that pattern, mend.

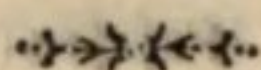
Come, wearied Indigence! forget thy woes,
This faithful cottage harbours no disguise;
Here, undisturb'd, enjoy a calm repose,
And taste that comfort which the world denies.

« *Poetry of the World.* »

THE POST COMES IN — THE NEWS-
PAPER IS READ — THE WORLD
CONTEMPLATED AT A DISTANCE.

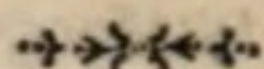
BY COWPER.

HARK! 'tis the twanging horn! o'er yonder bridge
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wint'ry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright,
He comes the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, & frozen locks,
News from all nations lumb'ring at his back.
True to his charge, the close pack'd load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destin'd inn;
And having dropt th' expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indiff'rent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears that trickled down the writer's cheek
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill;

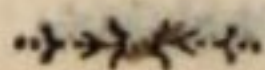


Or charg'd with am'rous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive : equally effect
His horse and him , unconscious of them all.
But oh th' important budget ! usher'd in,
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are his tidings ? have our troops awak'd ?
Or do they still , as if with opium drugg'd ,
Snore to the murmurs of th' Atlantic wave ?
Is India free ? and does she wear her plum'd
And jewelled turban with a smile of peace ?
Or do we grind her still ? The grand debate ,
The popular harangue , the tart reply ,
The logic , and the wisdom , and the wit ,
And the loud laugh : — I long to know them all ;
I burn to set th' imprison'd wranglers free ,
And give them voice and utterance once again.

Now stir the fire , and close the shutters fast ,
Let fall the curtains , wheel the sofa round ,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column , and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate , wait on each ,
So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in.
Not such his ev'ning who with shining face ,
Sweats in the crowded theatre , and squeez'd ,
And bor'd with elbow-points thro' both his sides ,
Out-scolds the ranting actor on the stage ;
Nor his , who patient stands till his feet throb ,
And his head thumps , to feed upon the breath
Of patriots bursting with heroic rage ,
Or placemen all tranquility and smiles ,
This folio of four pages , happy work !

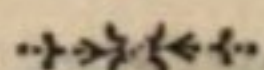


Which not e'en critics criticize, that holds
Inquisitive attention while I read
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Tho' eloquent themselves, yet fear to break —
What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?
Here run the mountainous and craggy ridge
That tempts ambition. On the summit, see,
The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them. At his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dext'rous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
Meanders lubricate the course they take:
The modest speaker is asham'd and griev'd
T' engross a moment's notice; and yet begs,
Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
However trivial all that he conceives.
Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this praise,
The dearth of information and good sense
That it foretells us, always comes to pass.
Cataracts of declamation thunder here,
There forests of no meaning spread the page
In which all comprehension wanders lost;
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there,
With merry descants on a nation's woes.
The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion — roses for the cheeks
And lilies for the brows of faded age,
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,



Heaven, earth, and ocean plunder'd of their sweets,
Nectareous essences, Olympian dew.
Sermons and city feasts, and fav'rite airs,
Ætherial journey, submarine exploits,
And Katterfelto with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wond'ring for his bread.

'Tis pleasant thro' the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world. To see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd,
To hear the roar she sends thro' all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a short murmur on th' uninjur'd ear.
Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanc'd
To some secure and more than mortal height,
That lib'rates and exempts me from them all.
It turns submitted to my view, turns round
With all its generation; I behold
The tumult, and am still. The sound of war
Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me;
Grieves but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
And av'rice that makes man a wolf to man,
Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats
By which he speaks the language of his heart,
And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.
He travels and expatiates, as the bee
From flow'r to flow'r, so he from land to land;
The manners, customs, policy of all
Pay contribution to the store he gleans;
He sucks intelligence in ev'ry clime,
And spreads the honey of this deep research



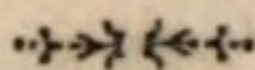
At his return, a rich repast for me!
 He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
 Ascend his topmast, thro' his peering eyes
 Discover countries, with a kindred heart
 Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes;
 While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
 Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

BY PHILIPS.

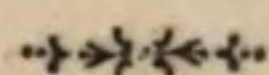
« — Sing, Heavenly Muse!
 Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme; »
 A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras dire.

Happy the man, who, void of cares and strife,
 In silken or in leathern purse retains
 A Splendid Shilling! He nor hears with pain
 New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful ale:
 But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
 To Juniper's Magpye, or Town-Hall repairs;
 Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
 Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
 Chloe, or Phillis, he each circling glass
 Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
 Meanwhile he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
 Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
 But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
 And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
 With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
 (Wretched repast!) my meagre corse sustain:

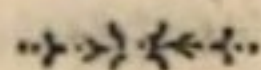


Then solitary walk , or doze at home
In garret vile , and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers ; or , from tube as black
As winter chimney , or well polish'd jet ,
Exhale Mundungus , ill-perfuming scent ;
Not blacker tube , nor of a shorter size ,
Smoaks Cambro-Britain (vers'd in pedigree ,
Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur , kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill , and barren cliff ,
Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese ,
High over-shadowing rides , with a design
To vend his ware , or at th'Arvonian mart ,
Or Maridunum , or the ancient town
Yclep'd Brechinia ; or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium , fruitful soil !
Whence flow nectareous wines , that well may vie
With Massic , Setin , or renown'd Falern.

Thus , while my joyless minutes tedious flow ,
With looks demure , and silent pace , a Dun ,
Horrible monster ! hated by gods and men ,
To my aerial citadel ascends :
With vocal heel , thrice thund'ring at my gates ,
With hideous accent thrice he calls ; I know
The voice ill-boding , and the solemn sound.
What should I do ? or whither turn ? Amaz'd ,
Confounded , to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole ; straight my bristling hairs erect
Through sudden fear ; a chilly sweat bedews
My shuddering limbs , and (wonderful to tell !)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech ;

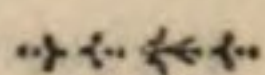


So horrible he seems! His faded brow
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
Disast'rous acts forebode: in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men!) behind him
Another monster, not unlike himself, [stalks
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magic charms,
Erst have endu'd; if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont),
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance strict detain him, till, in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.
Beware, ye debtors! when ye walk beware,
Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd web



Arachne in a hall, or kitchen spreads,
Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make; with eager strides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils;
Then with envenom'd jaws the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.

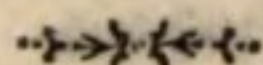
So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades
This world envelope, and th'inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimm'ring light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights; distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
But if a slumber haply does invade



My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain—awake, I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.

Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature, John-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,
Nor medlar fruit delicious in decay.

Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
By time subdu'd (what will not time subdue!)
An horrid chasm disclose, with orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds,
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
Protending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,
Long sail'd secure, or through the Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till cruising near
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
On Scylla, or Charybdis (dang'rous rocks!)
She strikes rebounding; whence the shatter'd oak,
So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
Admits the sea: in at the gaping side
The crouding waves gush with impetuous rage,
Resistless, overwhelming! Horrors seize
The Mariners; death in their eyes appears;
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they pray.



(Vain efforts!) still the batt'ring waves rush in,
Implacable; till, delug'd by the foam,
The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

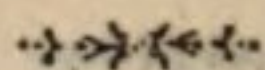
A MEDICINE FOR THE LADIES.

BY WILLIAM HARRISON, ESQ.

Miss Molly, a fam'd toast, was fair and young,
Had wealth and charms—but then she had a tongue!
From morn to night, th' eternal larum rung,
Which often lost those hearts her eyes had won.
Sir John was smitten and confess'd his flame,
Sigh'd out the usual time, then wed the dame;
Possess'd, he thought, of ev'ry joy of life;
But his dear Molly prov'd a very wife.
Excess of fondness did in time decline,
Madam lov'd money, and the knight lov'd wine.
From whence some petty discords would arise,
As «You're a fool!»—and, «You are mighty wise!»

Tho' he and all the world allow'd her wit,
Her voice was shrill, and rather loud than sweet,
When she began, — for hat and sword he'd call;
Then, after a faint kiss, — cry, «B', y' dear Moll:
Supper and friends expect me at the Rose.»
«And, what, Sir John, you'll get your usual dose?
Go, stink of smoke, and guzzle nasty wine;
Sure, never virtuous love was us'd like mine!»

Oft, as the watchful bellman march'd his round,
At a fresh bottle gay Sir John he found.



By four the knight would get his busines done,
 And only then reel'd off, because alone.
 Full well he knew the dreadful storm to come;
 But, arm'd with Bourdeaux, he durst venture home.

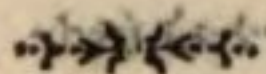
My lady with her tongue was still prepar'd;
 She rattled loud, and he impatient heard:
 « 'Tis a fine hour! In a sweet pickle made!
 And this, Sir John, is ev'ry day the trade.
 Here I sit moping all the live-long night,
 Devour'd with spleen, and stranger to delight;
 Till morn sends staggering home a drunken beast,
 Resolv'd to break my heart, as well as rest. »

« Hey! Hoop! d' ye hear, my damn'd obstrep'rous
 [spouse!

What can't you find one bed about the house?
 Will that perpetual clack lie never still?
 That rival to the softness of a mill!
 Some couch and distant room must be my choice,
 Where I may sleep uncurs'd with wife and noise. »

Long this uncomfortable life they led,
 With snarling meals, and each a separate bed.
 To an old uncle oft she would complain,
 Beg his advice, and scarce from tears refrain.
 Old Wisewood smok'd the matter as it was;
 « Cheer up! » cry'd he, « and I'll remove the cause.
 A wond'rous spring within my garden flows,
 Of sov'reign virtue, chiefly to compose
 Domestic jars, and matrimonial strife,
 The best elixir t' appease man and wife;
 Strange are th' effects, the qualities divine;
 'Tis water call'd, but worth it's weight in wine.

If



If in his sullen airs, Sir John should come,
 Three spoonsful take, hold in your mouth—then mum...
 Smile, and look pleas'd, when he shall rage and scold,
 Still in your mouth the healing cordial hold;
 One month this sympathetic med'cine try'd,
 He'll grow a lover, you a happy bride.
 But, dearest niece, keep this grand secret close,
 Or ev'ry prattling hussey'll beg a dose, »

A water-bottle's brought for her relief;
 Not Nants could sooner ease the lady's grief:
 Her busy thoughts are on the trial bent,
 And, female like, impatient for th' event.

The bonny knight reels home, exceeding clear,
 Prepar'd for clamour, and domestic war.

Entering, he cries—« Hey! where's our thunderfled?
 No hurricane? Betty's your lady dead? »

Madam, aside, an ample mouthful takes,
 Curt'sies, looks kind, but not a word she speaks.
 Wond'ring, he star'd, scarcely his eyes believ'd,
 But found his ears agreeably deceiv'd.

« Why, how now Molly, what's the crotchet now? »
 She smiles, and answers only with a bow.

Then clasping her about—« Why let me die!
 These night-clothes, Moll, become you mightily! »
 With that, he sigh'd, her hand began to press,
 And Betty calls, her lady to undress.

Thus the fond pair to bed enamour'd went,
 The lady pleas'd, and the good knight content.

For many days these fond endearments pass'd.
 The reconciling bottle fails at last;
 'T was us'd and gone,—then midnight storms arose,



And looks and words the union discompose.
 Her coach is order'd, and post-haste she flies
 To beg her uncle for some fresh supplies;
 Transported does the strange effects relate,
 Her knight's conversion and her happy state!

«Why, niece,» says he, — «I prithee apprehend,
 The water's water, — be thyself thy friend;
 Such beauty would the coldest husband warm,
 But your provoking tongue undoes the charm:
 Be silent and complying; — you'll soon find,
 Sir John, without a med'cine, will be kind.»

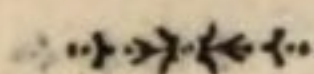
A RECEIPT TO MAKE A LOVE-LETTER.

A pointed dart with anguish tipt,
 A cup of poison, take;
 An opening bud, untimely nipt,
 A victim at a rack.

A bleeding heart, a vestal flame,
 A mind in deep despair,
 A thousand tortures without name,
 And style her, Killing Fair!

Each look that faintly speaks disdain,
 A flash of lightning call;
 And should she give denial plain,
 Be that a thunder ball.

Ten thousand oaths, all well apply'd,
 Must, here in course be ta'en; ...
 Tho' they're all meant to be bely'd,
 And taken o'er again,



Swear that her eyes are two bright stars,
Her cheeks exceed the rose,
And purer white than lily bears
On her soft bosom flows.

Her lips must crimson velvet be,
And silver all her teeth;
Sweeter than any nutmeg tree
Must be her spicy breath.

The sun must be as cold as ice,
When with your flame compar'd;
Nay, light be darkness in a trice,
If she but speak the word.

Then, you must break your heart in two; ...
Send her the better half: ...
She'll, may be, say 'tis something new, ...
And condescend to laugh:

And when she laughs the sun must shine
With an enlivening ray: ...
Her smile be brightness all divine,
A perfect summer's day.

Let daggers, poisons, blood, and death,
Fill every other line;
Between them let the gentle breath
Of soft persuasion shine.

First talk of love, and then the grave,
Of racks and woodbine bow'rs;
Now swear, now praise, kiss, weep, and rave;
In time she must be your's.

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

COLLECTED BY PERCY.

It was a friar of orders gray,
Walk'd forth to tell his beads,
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

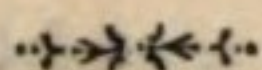
Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou didst see.

And how should I know your true love
From many another one?
O by his cockle hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoon.

But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,
And eyne of lovely blue.

O lady, he's dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.

Within these holy cloisters long
He languish'd and he died,



Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

Here bore him bare-fac'd on his bier
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall.

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth?
And art thou dead and gone!
And didst thou die for love of me!
Break, cruel heart of stone!

O weep not, lady, weep not so;
Some ghostly comfort seek:
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek.

O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e'er won lady's love.

And now, alas! for thy sad loss
I'll evermore weep and sigh;
For thee I only wish'd to live,
For thee I wish to die.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain:
For, violets pluck'd the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again.

Our joys as winged dreams do fly,
Why then should sorrow last?

Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past.

O say not so, thou holy friar;
I pray thee, say not so:
For since my true love died for me,
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

And will he never come again?
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah! no, he is dead, and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

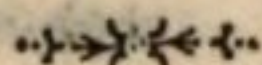
His cheek was redder than the rose,
The comliest youth was he:—
But he is dead, and laid in his grave:
Alas! and woe is me!

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever:
One foot on sea, and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer-trees were leafy.

Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not so;
My love he had the truest heart:
O he was ever true!

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth,
And didst thou die for me?



Then farewell home : for ever more
A pilgrim I will be.

But first upon my true love's grave
My weary limbs I 'll lay,
And thrice I 'll kiss the green-grass turf,
That wraps his breathless clay.

Yet stay, fair lady ; rest awhile
Beneath this cloister wall :
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall.

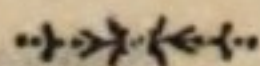
O stay me not, thou holy friar,
O stay me not, I pray ;
No drizzly rain that falls on me
Can wash my fault away.

Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears ;
For see, beneath this gown of gray,
Thy own true love appears.

Here, forc'd by grief and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought :
And here, amid these lonely walls,
To end my days I thought.

But haply, for my year of grace
Is not yet pass'd away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay.

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy,
Once more unto my heart ;



For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part.

A DESCRIPTION OF LONDON.

Houses, churches, mixt together,
Streets unpleasant, in all weather;
Prisons, palaces contiguous,
Gates, a bridge, the Thames irriguous;
Gaudy things enough to tempt ye,
Showy outsides, insides empty;
Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,
Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts;
Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,
Lords of laundresses afraid;
Rogues that nightly rob and shoot men,
Hangmen, aldermen, and footmen;
Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians,
Noble, simple, all conditions;
Worth — beneath a threadbare cover,
Villany — bedaub'd all over;
Women, black, red, fair, and grey,
Prudes, and some that never pray;
Handsome, ugly, noisy still,
Some that will not, some that will;
Many a beau without a shilling,
Many a widow not unwilling;
Many a bargain if you strike it;
This is London : — How d'ye like it?

THE DRUM.

BY SCOTT.

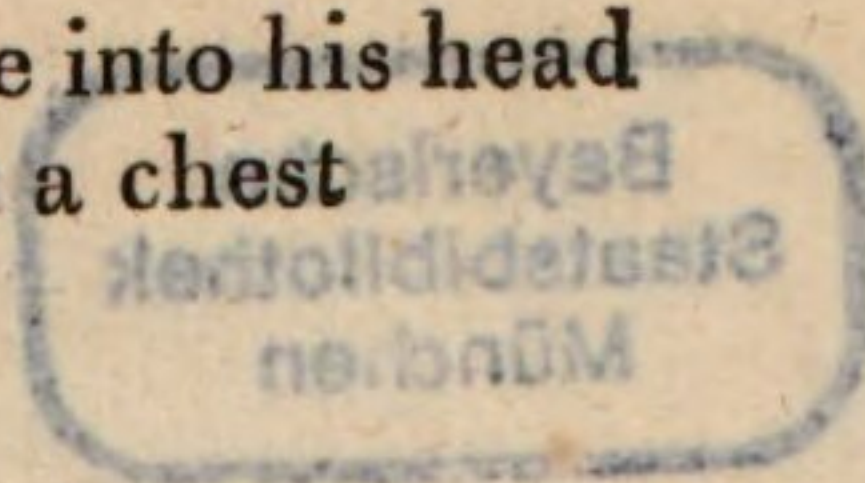
I hate the Drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round :
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace and glitt'ring arms ;
And when Ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

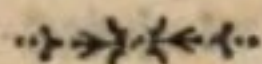
I hate that Drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round :
To me it talks of ravag'd plains,
And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows tears, and orphans moans ;
And all that misery's hand bestows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

THE BITER BIT.

A certain priest had hoarded up
A secret mass of gold ;
But where he might bestow it safe,
By fancy was not told.

At last it came into his head
To lock it in a chest





Within the chancel ; and he wrote
There-on , *Hic Deus est.*

A merry grig , whose greedy mind
Long wish'd for such a prey,
Respecting not the sacred words
That on the casket lay,

Took out the gold, and blotting out
The priest's inscript there-on,
Wrote , *Resurrexit, non est hic,*
« Your God is rose and gone. »



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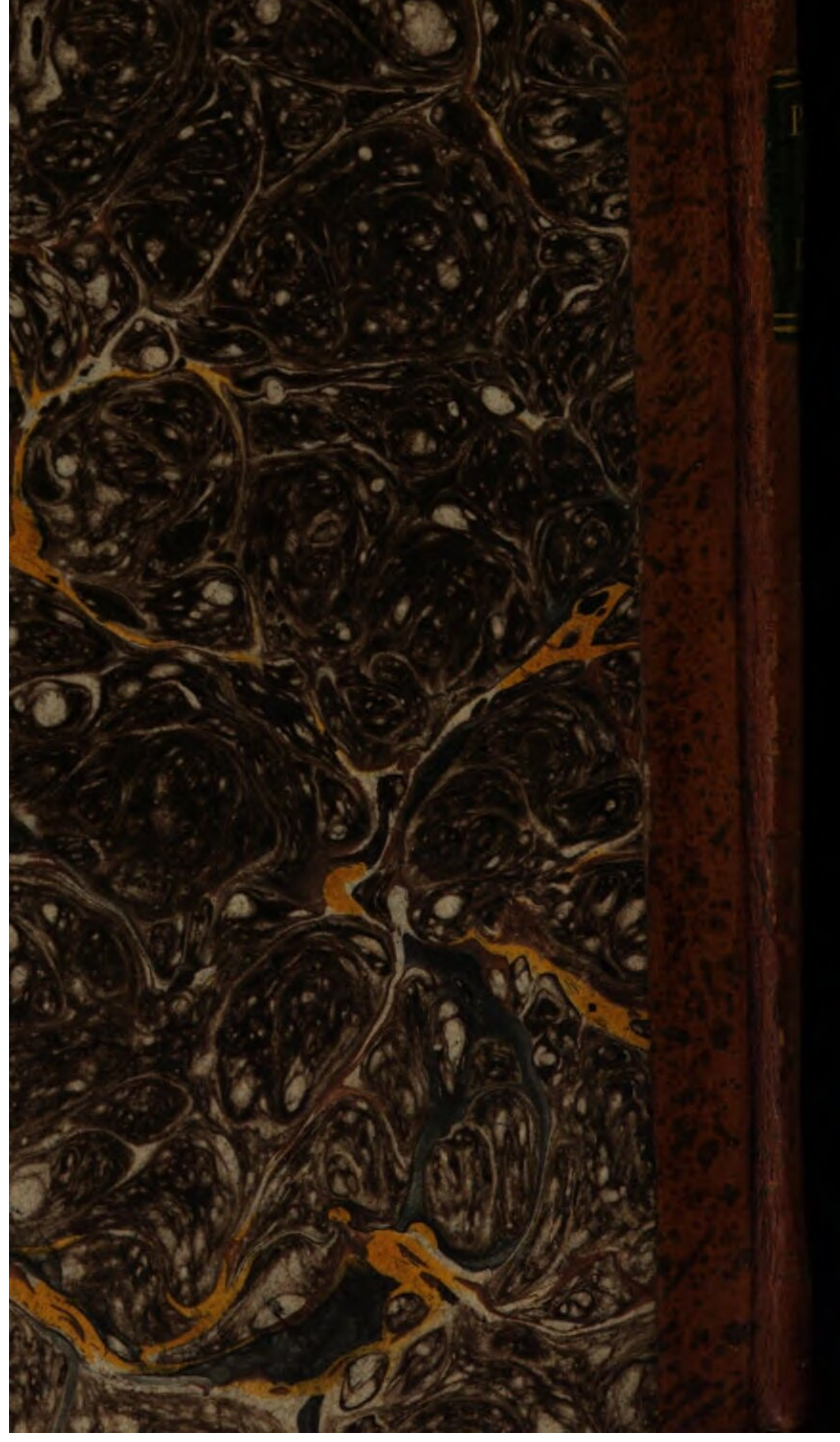
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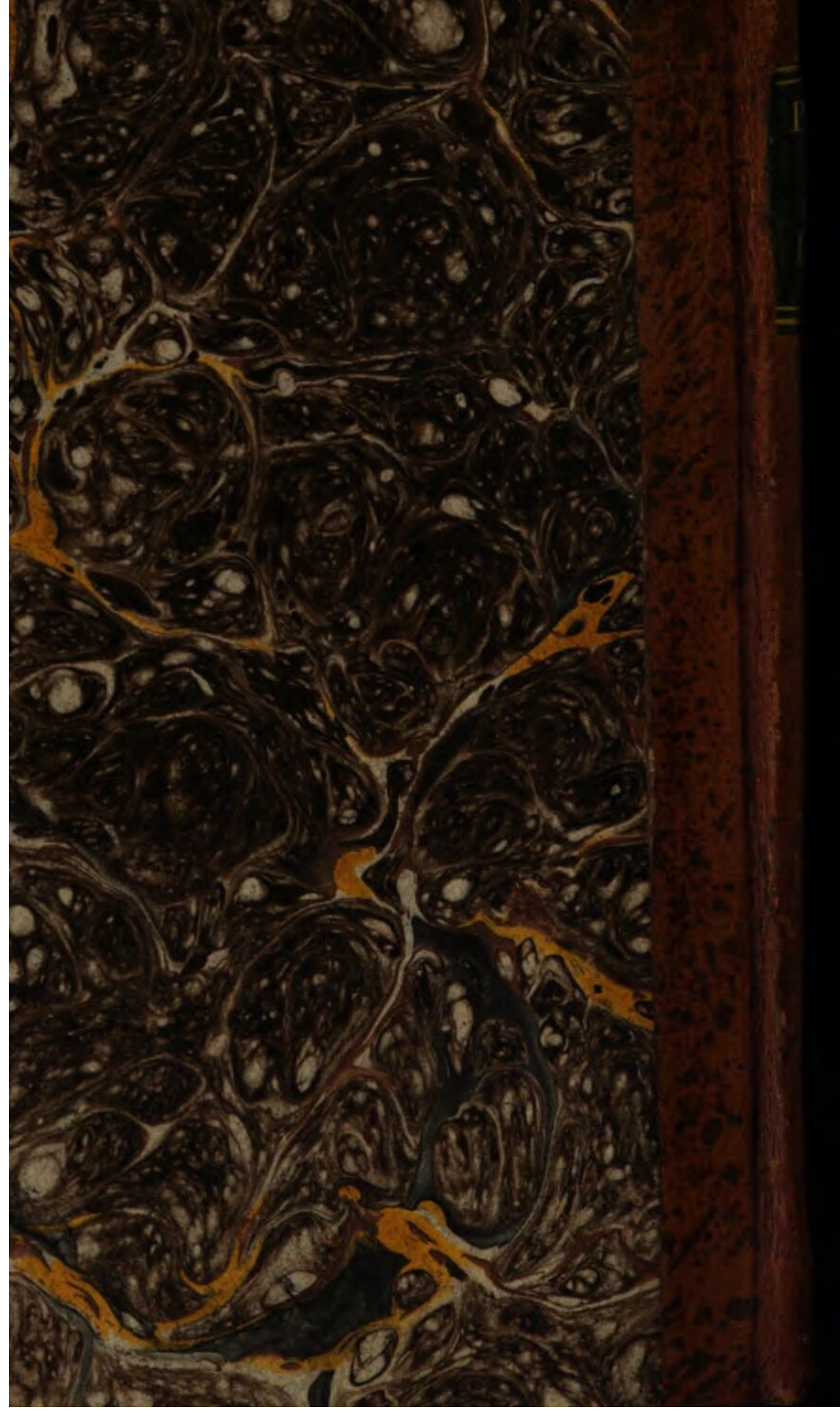
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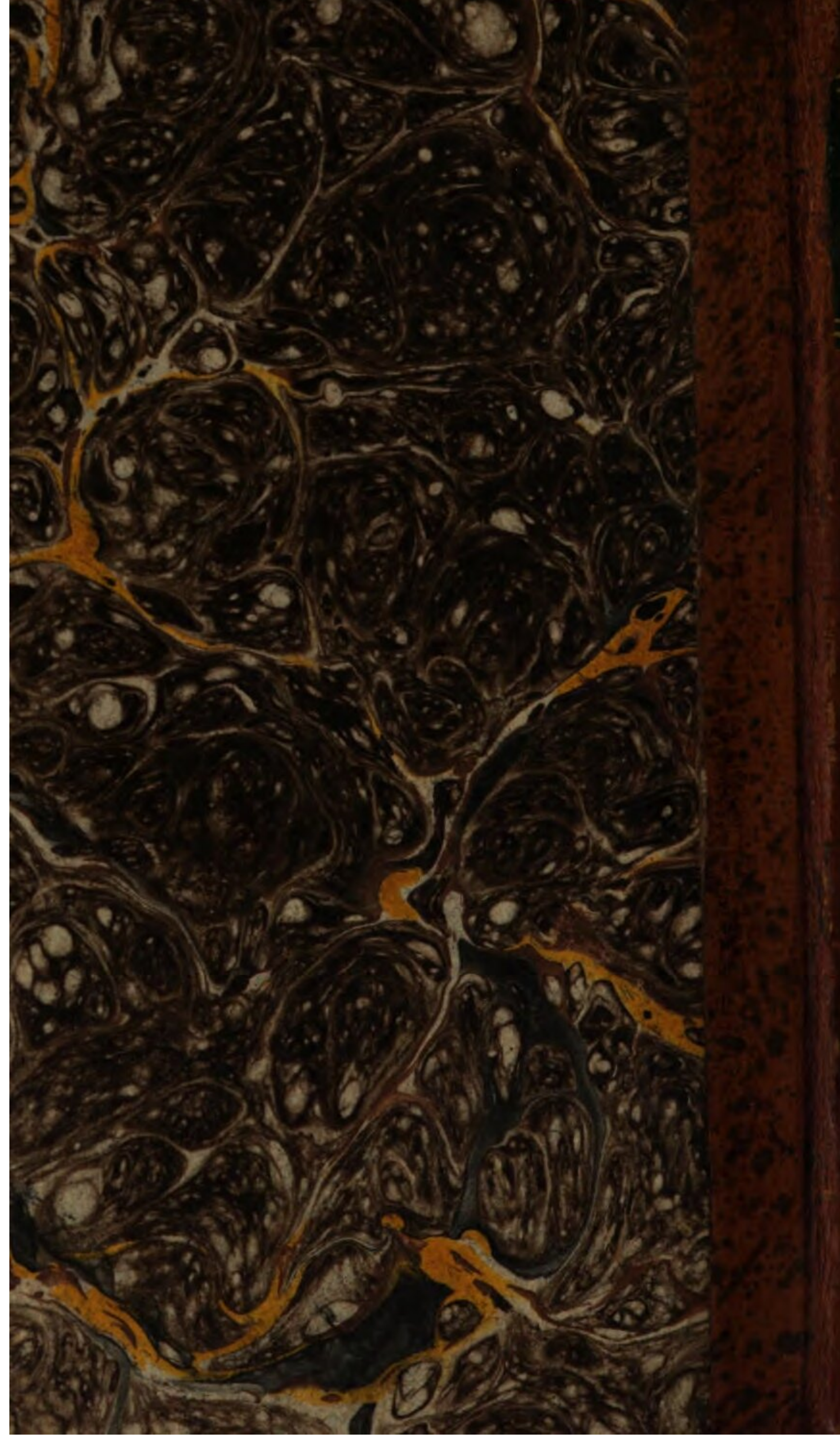












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